

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

SAMARA

1973 - 74



"SUCCESS IS NAUGHT; ENDEAVOURS ALL."

- Browning

SAMARA

1973-1974





"Success is Naught, Endeavour's All"



Yesterdays . . .

A hundred of them filled
with joy and wonder that
a thousand tomorrows may
never bring . . .

Soft murmurs,
Warm faces,
Gentle, happy smiles.

The remembered signs of
all the yesterdays take
their final form between
the pages of a book.

Such a little thing to
hold the accomplishments
and achievements of friends.

Such an important thing
to hold the key to
memories.

Anonymous
Vox Studentium '73

Dear Readers,

This year we have had, as always I believe, the usual difficulties in compiling the Samara. We had hoped for greater enthusiasm on the part of the students, but, as seems to be the trend in a small school such as Elmwood, this did not materialize.

However, Debbie Williams and myself, as co-editors, are grateful for the individual support we did receive, particularly from Margot Bethune, Emily Conway, and Jane Frieson in the junior school. Ranjana Basu's time and efforts were invaluable, and evidence of Jane-Ann McBurney's 'photographic genius' can be seen throughout this year's Samara. Thanks also to Mrs. Aldous, our staff advisor.

We hope that you will enjoy this year's magazine. I know that your criticisms of it would go a long way in assisting next year's committee in producing a still better and satisfying Samara.

Best of luck to the 1974-75 committee!

Barbara Coyne
Editor



Left to Right: Margot Bethune, Barbara Coyne, Emily Conway, Sara Tynan-Byrd, Jane Frieson, Jane-Ann McBurney, Mrs. Aldous, Ranjana Basu, Julia Clubb, Leslie Ogilvie.

The time has come, it seems, to say hello to Samara, which each year renews itself like the Phoenix, not without a great deal of effort on the part of the editor and her staff, one troublesome facet of which is undoubtedly getting the headmistress to produce her contribution to meet the deadline.

The same yet ever new! Samara may not change radically in format or colour, yet the contributions are ever newly created. Some of the faces may have been seen before, but the legs may be longer, the hair-style altered. Juniors become seniors; the perpetrators of "Cafe 5A" one year become the organizers of "Creme de 6M" the next, and the august originators of "Adieu de 6U" at the last.

Each year brings new horizons and this is most dramatically true in the graduation year. If I could have one wish for you, it is that,

"all experience is an arch where thro'

Gleams that untravelled would whose margin fades

For ever and for ever as you move."

Keep trying, keep learning, keep growing for all of a long life!

Joan M. Whitwill



Ara Nixon, Senior Prefect; Mrs. Aldous, Vice-Headmistress; Mrs. Whitwill, Headmistress; Lourdes Jimenez, Headgirl.

PREFECTS 1973-74



Left to Right

FRONT

Alison Schofield, Head of Fry

Cathy Ashton

Heather Nesbitt, Head of Keller

BACK

Talitha Fabricius

Lourdes Jimenez, Head Girl

Ara Nixon, Senior Prefect

SIDES

Gail Sadler

Barbara Howden, Head of Nightingale



HEAD GIRL

Lourdes Jimenez

THE STAFF



BACK ROW: Marie, Mrs. Hanley, Mrs. Inns, Rev. Green, Mrs. Benoit, Mrs. Crerar. MID-
DLE ROW: Mrs. Lachance, Mrs. Looye, Mrs. Sabourin, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Routliffe, Mrs.
MacDonald, Mrs. Gundy. FRONT ROW: Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Birch-Jones, Mrs. Davies, Mrs.
Whitwill, Mrs. Aldous, Mrs. Chance, Mrs. Harwood-Jones, Mrs. Churchill. ABSENT: Mr.
Hyndman, Mrs. Turkington, Mrs. Winter.



"Parlez espanol immediately!!"



3:40 . . . (sigh)



GRADUATES

LOURDES JIMENEZ:

"Thy life is no idle dream; it is thine own, and it is all thou hast to front eternity with."

- Carlyle

As head girl of Elmwood this year, Lourdes has had ample opportunity to show her leadership. Her ability to interest people in new ideas, to organize activities, to overcome opposition and combat apathy, and especially to smooth over unpleasant situations - all these qualities are well known to her classmates and to the school. Besides planning class outings, she has provided lunch for someone who didn't expect it (remember Harvey's?), built her first snowman (?), and even showed us a new trick: turning orange at the "Mothers' Bazaar". She has withstood all manner of trials and tribulations - even Physics! If nothing else, she'll be able to use a slide rule . . . Being head girl has not changed our Lourdes though; she's always ready to lend or ask a hand, and even in the dark days after one expedition, she carried out her duties while signing in with everybody else. Lourdes hopes to study medicine at U. of T. or McGill, to find "a cure for what ails you" - a good idea, because the world needs people like her. Good luck, Lourdes. Wherever you go and whatever you do, remember when . . .



ARA NIXON:

Between the idea
And the reality,
Between the motion
And the act,
Falls the Shadow . . .

Between the conception
And the creation,
Between the emotion
And the response,
Falls the Shadow.

- T.S. Eliot (The Hollow Men)

One doesn't immediately perceive Ara as she spends 90% of her time sprawled on the floor. For six years she's been throwing herself around the gym playing basketball - a tough game when you're only five feet tall - and collecting various bruises and broken limbs. When she's not flat on the ground Ara's usually reading the dictionary - her favorite book - or destroying serious discussions with her terrible puns. She's never been known to walk; Ara's always half-running or tripping, but she manages to collect herself sufficiently every now and again. Without her we wouldn't have a telephone or drink machine, so even when Ara leaves Elmwood she'll have left behind at least two VERY solid marks and won't soon be forgotten.





HEATHER NESBITT:

Crooked by nature is never made straight by education.
- Fuller, 1732

Heather's name used to strike terror in the hearts of teachers but she's so far reformed as to have been on the Samara committee last year, Head of Keller this year, and even following a few rules. She's become very studious, going to the Carleton library whenever she can; but questionable as this pastime is, Heather still manages to come off with marks anyone would envy. Maybe she goes to the right kind of library. "B.B." certainly livens up Monday mornings as she entertains us with stories of the weekend over a cup of tea and a bottle of nail polish remover - or else sits daydreaming about the glories of Quebec. Heather does have firm opinions there, and elsewhere, and sticks by them, but will listen too, to the other side of the argument. Heather's thinking of Law at university right now. Typically, she'll do anything to get to the bar.

ALISON SCHOFIELD:

C'est une folie à nulle autre seconde,
De vouloir se mêler à corriger le monde.
- Molière

As a genuine "Elmwood Original", Alison has had a colourful career in these hallowed halls. This year she is entitled to the Golden Girdle. She puts it to good use, (ask the other prefects) as well as the authority it represents. Every year she adopts some member of the class (what on earth is an Oogly?) to indoctrinate into class activities. Her techniques are soon learned and have shown their therapeutic value in "working out" (tension generated in the course of the day - with surprisingly few ill effects). Despite her popular image, Alison is a sympathetic and helpful friend. She can be depended upon to pull her weight in life - a guarantee of success. All the best Alison!

P.S. What will you do in university, where "Lady-like Behaviour" is EXPECTED?





BARB HOWDEN:

Give me chastity and continence, but not yet.
Confessions, Book VIII

Barb came to us last year and was elected Head of Nightingale by the end of it, by making herself generally noticed and well-liked by the rest of the school. It's hard not to notice Barb with her freckles and maniacal laugh, especially when she's coming at you in her car. She breaks all speed records by getting to the store and back in the 30 seconds between classes. When she's not practicing for the Demolition Derby, Barb can usually be found rooting up some enthusiasm from the school or curled up in the common room sofa making wisecracks. Wherever she is, you can't miss her, but as she'll be spending the next year in Australia, we all will. See you around Barb, and watch those kangaroos!

GAIL SADLER:

If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to lead the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.

- Henry David Thoreau

In the midst of discussions and arguments (heated or otherwise) a cry can always be expected, "All right, cut it out," or, "Quick, quick, I've gotta go." Stoneface Sadler is here, or was here, if you can catch her while she's hurrying from here to there, and back again. But that grin and smile and the sound of her dragging oxfords have become very familiar during her two years here.

Don't let her size fool you! Bigger souls, (and smaller too) are known to have used her shoulder to cry on, complain to, you name it - that shoulder has been through everything! Let's hear it for Fitzroy!!

So where does she turn to herself? One can find out all Gail's secrets with her pony and the horses she dotes on while not busy being a prefect (and studying, of course . . .).

Here's looking at the future Gail, and hoping that you find success and happiness in it!





CATHY ASHTON:

That my joy gives joy
 my hope gives hope
 and
 that i can communicate in some silent way
 the spirit living in me
 not by what i say
 but how i say it.
 a deep concern
 a way of listening
 to the faint heart beats
 of your existence and life.

- Jean Vanier

Cathy is one of Elmwood originals - she's been here since Grade 5! Who else can remember the charming beige stockings worn by the girls back then? She put herself through a temporary torture in Grade 11 to bring forth her now "Sensuous" self while keeping up her passion for cooking - there's nothing like chocolate cake with mayonnaise icing to make a Cafe 5A successful. Long braids and glasses were replaced by a French cut and contact lenses then; now Cathy's hair has changed again and she can tell her left contact from her right! Cathy spends her time either asleep in our Common Room or quite awake in Ashbury's Common Room. Voted most likely to succeed, but not mentioning at what, we bid you good luck Cathy - and good hunting.

TALITHA FABRICIUS:

If you want to be happy, be happy now; there is no certainty of tomorrow.

Talitha arrived in Canada, and at Elmwood six years ago with braids and a "fringe" to work her way to Grade Thirteen and prefect-hood. She's also worked her way through four Gilbert and Sullivan's and five merit pins, her spare time taken up on the basketball court, making "freak" shots. Talitha is a staunch supporter of Elmwood activities. As they say - "Absence makes the heart grow fonder". It isn't that Talitha spends only a little of her time at school - it's just that she spends equal time in so many other places that the percentage comes down. Just follow the trail of smoke from her orange VW or red "Far Audi" and you'll find her - or if the car's here, you'll find her in her corner of the classroom, doing her math and reading "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" - simultaneously. Bad girl!





PEGGY BETHEL:

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not figures on a dial."

- Henry David Thoreau

Peggy just joined Elmwood this year. At first wary of the antics played by "old girls", she can now water-fight with the best of them! Her pet hates are the two bobby pins she employs to get past Mrs. Davies' keen eyes. Peggy spent her first day in Elmwood by flying off the stage stairs - tripped up by the vicious choir - and hobbled around on crutches for a week but she never complained - or maybe she did and nobody heard. Peggy holds the record for throwing her voice the shortest distance. In class she sits studiously, small squeaks as answers when called upon, but reviving to an amazing degree to scream in the daily free-for-all to get break! When Peggy leaves Elmwood she'll leave her bobby pins behind but hopefully she'll keep a lot of memories - and many of them couldn't have come about without her.

DIANA CHAN:

Love is the only satisfactory answer to the problem of human existence.

- Dr. Fromm

Diana is one of the new arrivals to our land this year. From the beginning she has been able to adapt to the challenges of life in 6U. According to rumour, Diana is making her mark, literally, in demanding subjects like geography and algebra. Apart from her participation in our infamous class affairs, Diana has shown her upright character in all ways - even though she did "cheat" at Utensil Lunch. Since when do you find chopsticks challenging Diana? Next year Diana plans to study commerce. She should do well because she works hard. Good luck Diana! Remember us.





LESLEY FONG:

Life is something growing inside your soul that you want to bring out and share with the human race.

This is Lesley's first year at Elmwood but she's already left an impression by rapidly adapting to Canadian life - especially snow, which isn't very plentiful in Hong Kong! A week after putting on skates for the first time, Lesley was skating without a flaw. Next comes skiing! Her main talent, though, lies in a musical direction. Having seen the music only once before, she accompanied a somewhat shabby Grade 13 choir on our Christmas carol. Lesley's a quiet, sensitive person but still joins in the general throng of activity. Hoping to go to a Canadian university next year, we won't be losing her to Hong Kong again for a while yet.

CATHY GINSBERG:

Life without love's a load,
And time stands still.
What we deny to life, to death we give,
Then, and then only, when we love, we live.

Nobody understands Cathy, but everyone's afraid to, so it doesn't really matter. Her screams mark a score in one of the basketball games or a correct answer in Economics class. It's no wonder Cathy's always moving. She's the only one in the school who can make it from the locker room to the 6U classroom with an armful of books and still have enough breath to keep talking. Of course, that doesn't mean she can make it out of the parking lot in one piece - "I know there's a car behind me. I see it, I see it." CRASH! Wrong car. Still, Cathy's liveliness keeps us all on our toes and you must admit - if Cathy's in the room, you know it!





ANN GRAHAM:

The comfort of having a friend can be taken away, but not that of having had one.

- Seneca

Ann has been letting us have it with her "Pearls" of wisdom since Grade nine, and we're always in trouble, so that just goes to show the deep down evil in her mind. She's chapel monitor this year and has been in three Gilbert and Sullivan's so far with still another one to go. Pearl is easy to locate at school by listening for that original laugh of hers. Sometimes she bubbles with enthusiasm, sometimes she's pensive, but the end product is usually constructive, so Ann will do well wherever she goes.

ALISON GREEN:

If you always do something constructive in your spare time, you'll never have any fun.

Alison has been with us for five years and four Gilbert and Sullivan's, this last year trying her hand at backstage instead of onstage work for H.M.S. Pinafore; and they managed to sneak a seagull into the backdrop despite protests from Mr. Innes that no bird hovers for three hours! Alison's talents (onstage and off) are singing, ("The Good Shop Lollipop" - questionable) and free dancing (VERY free - more questionable) and being a general nuisance while doing both. Those desks just aren't made for tap-dancing oxfords. They're made for work and sometimes Alison even uses them for that. She must, because though she never appears to realize she's in school, she does get her essays in - just. Planning to put Australia even more down under with Barb this summer, Alison will go to the University of Australia next year if she passes Math this year. She'll be back in three years speaking fluent Australian but until then: Good-bye, and don't take any wooden koala-bears!





JILL HEPWORTH:

"I couldn't help it. I can resist anything but temptation."

Jill had long hair and a short tunic which met at the same point, the place her leather coat ends - for years, but finally succumbed to temptation and chopped it off. To all entreaties of "Get rid of that coat and do up your shoelaces before you kill yourself," Jill smiles sweetly, agrees completely, and does nothing about it. A geography whiz, "Tam" likes everyone to think she isn't really paying attention but then she turns around and explains it to those of us who were pretending that we WERE paying attention! I'm sure it's all theories and sums that she's gesturing to Talitha across the room in math class - the answer to most questions is "Peter". Elmwood with its uniform doesn't offer much scope to a girl who has thirty pairs of pants and twice as many tops, but at university Jill can let loose - and watch them fall!!

LUCY ISMAIL:

I forget to enjoy all I have - incredible treasures. I am travelling again, emotionally restless, while there is land to discover, lives unlived, men not known. What madness! I want to enjoy. I want to stop and enjoy.

- Amais Nin

One of the truly unforgettable characters of the class - indeed, unforgettable, period. Lucy has never been known to do anything in a conventional manner (at this point it would be normal to list some of her exploits but sheer volume of material makes this impossible). Anyway, she is surprised that everyone knows everything she does. How could we NOT know? Lucy is also well known for her insatiable curiosity and original thoughts about matters that most people take for granted. At times her ability to leap from one idea to another leaves her audience at a loss, to say the least! Perhaps that's why she gets away with so many things - by the time the victim figures out what happened, Lucy is long gone. It would be a dull world without her. She's one of a kind - but one is quite enough!





ROBERTA LAKING:

"When you've got to choose - anyway you look at it, you lose . . ."

Roberta's our mad scientist with flaming red hair and aviator glasses. She can be depended on to walk quietly up to somebody who's stumbling through their homework and set them straight, but give her an English essay to write and she becomes stingy with words! Roberta's the only girl in Elmwood with her ox-fords polished and her belt in the loop but we don't hold it against her. She still giggles conspiratorily whenever anything against the rules is being plotted and every now and then she throws in a hit of her own. Though she's generally silent, Roberta's ideas should take her far. We'll see you at the top Roberta. Don't forget us.

DAPHNE SNELGROVE:

When a stupid man is doing something he is ashamed of, he always declares that it is his duty.

- Apollodorus (Ceasar and Cleopatra, Act III)

If you ever see a green car coming down the middle of the road, get out of the way! It's Daphne driving without her glasses again. This phenomenon can be seen several times during the day as the Snelgrove taxi service, packed with Grade 13's, roars back and forth between Ashbury and Elmwood. It's amazing though, that Daphne never makes it back to Math class in less than fifteen minutes. Of course, this doesn't affect her grades. Daphne doesn't learn things; she absorbs them while doodling or reading dirty books like "The Ambassador". Daphne's favourite pastimes are strangling chickens and keeping her driveway blocked with snow during the winter so that she can't get in to school. It's lucky this doesn't always work, because without her, half the school wouldn't have eggs for breakfast!





VIOLET TAI:

To me, the greatest happiness is to have the opportunities and the courage to follow one's lent, though the opportunities are rare, and my courage is limited.

Violet has made herself heard both at Elmwood and Ashbury this year. All the teachers there, who didn't think any of the girls could talk, were surprised by the discovery of one who most certainly could. When put in a classroom situation, a most serious case of lockjaw seems to hit everyone but Violet, and classes would be dull without her. Who else would ask Mr. McGuire his opinion of her suspenders while standing there in Ashbury's "number one" dress? Still, she somehow manages to absorb everything that's said and works just as hard as the best students. If Violet stays in Canada for university you can rest assured that hers will be the most interesting classes.

JANE TYNAN-BYRD:

Better late than never!

Jane's another new girl, coming to Elmwood for her last year of high school. It may be her last year but we're sure it's not her least. Already she's created diversions in school, like arriving five minutes late for every class and grinning through lips smeared with vaseline during the winter months, (Jane's particularly susceptible to chapped lips.) Nobody could figure out how she could live in Ottawa and have a Quebec license plate at the beginning of the year, but we were almost afraid to ask. The answer could have been just about anything, and knowing Jane we'd probably be listening to a plot, on the part of somebody or other, to take over the world. Our lips are sealed Jane, but we don't have to grease them to keep them closed!





LINDA WONG:

Man dreams of becoming the master of his destiny, and he is right in so doing.

Linda is another of our Hong Kong girls, who came to Elmwood for Grade 13. She tends to pale slightly at the classes more outrageous schemes, but goes along with them, as long as things don't get out of hand. This philosophy helps Linda in her maddening foresight of knowing just when to get out and avoid trouble. She's really happier with the safety of her books and many realize the advantage of Linda's way of life at average readings. Linda would like to enter university here next year, where we hope she can live a quieter life than she now enjoys.



Remember when you were Mrs. Davies' Darlings?



I STILL SAY FIVE MINUTES ISN'T ENOUGH TIME TO GET FROM ONE CLASS TO ANOTHER.

CLASSES

GRADE 12



Ana Antunes



Susan Bond



Susanna Cheng



Rosalind Chu



Barbara Coyne



Cathy Guthrie



MRS. HARWOOD JONES



Morag Jamieson



Donna MacPhee



Monique Perron



Sandra Kovachic



Jennifer Miles



Janis Robertson



Lesley MacMillan



Leslie Ogilvie



Mary Smylie

ABSENT
Patrice Vaast
Nancy Yeung



Monica Stinson



Karen Turner



Sara Tynan-Bird



Deborah Williams



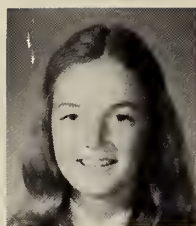
Julia Clubb



Diana Conway

NAME	AMBITION	PROBABLE DESTINATION	PET PEEVE	PET PLEASE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION
Mrs. Harwood-Jones	See Gr. 12 win the form trophy	Salem	Hercules (on T.V.)	Grade 12 . . . ?	"Pax Vobiscum"
Karen T. (alias TidyBow1)	Sociologist	Pennsylvanian housewife	untidyness	Southern comfort	"Oh, I don't know."
Monica S. (alias Gasbag)	Therapist	Referee in Yankee Stadium	Mondays	Country sunshine	"Reach for my grandmother"
Barbara C.	Lawyer	Married to the Supreme Court	cartridge pens	Tennis	"I'm only kidding"
Janis R.	Phys. Ed. Teacher	Ski bum	grass	snow	"Do you wanna go skiing?"
Donna M.	Dentist	Roller Derby	the Van	Torremelinos	"Don't be a pest - buzz off"
Nancy Y.	doctor	Medical Centre	Sunday nights	travelling	"Be yourself."
Susan B.	Actress	Hollywood	Elmwood uniform	boyfriend	"It's been censored."
Morag J. (alias Skinhead)	Geographer	Madrid, SPAIN!!	Dracula	waiters	"Oh, - - -."
Rosalind C.	Mathematician	back at Elmwood	sports	Snoopy	"Okay"
Ana A.	Pediatrician	Maternity Ward (patient)	formals	Vulcanized Rubber	"O, O, O, O, O, . . . H"
Jennifer M.	To be a poet (and not know it)	Back-up singer for Eddie Arnold	telephone calls	Kung-Fu	"Guess what you guys?"
Sara T.B. (Tinie)	To put photographic to work	Taking pictures	essays	Macbeth	"Bug off - - -"
Julia C. (Gasbag II)	Child psychologist	Animal Farm		Master Charge	"Come on girls."
Mary S.	Zoologist	To be a trainer	hog callers	getting letters	"O'Neal"
Monique P.	Veterinarian	in the dog house	chalk dust	Elmwood . . . ?	"Mon Dieu"
Suzanna C.	Industrial designer	chimney sweep	cats	organ music	"Mama - Mia"
Cathy G.	Housewife with 10 kids	hairstresser	Elmwood lunches	MEAT!!!!	"Lordie, Lordie, Lordie . . ."
Lesley M.	Interior decorator	Jewelry store clerk in Madrid	"gasbags"	credit cards	"Let's have a Paarty . . ."
Leslie O.	Industrial chemist	Devil's Island	buckets seats	to have a baby	"What am I going to do?"
Sandra K. (Twink)	Psychologist	Psychopath	nicknames	"mice"	"Gee Willikers!"
Debbie W.	Mathematical genius	flunking out of art school	derailed train of thought	long hair	"I have to face reality"
Diana C.	Performing arts	singing at Plaza Hotel	gossip	cinnamon sticks	"I don't know."

GRADE 11



Susan Atack



Ranjy Basu



Virginia Dunsby



Frances Elkie



Deborah Goodwin



Olenka Grygier



MRS. BIRCH JONES



Brenda Hill



Jane Ann McBurney



Diana MacDonald



Shelagh Hurley



Heather McIntosh



Wendy MacPhee



Ann Pushman



Leandra Ramcharan



Deborah Sipolins



Susan Vaast



Katherine Whitham



Katherine Zimmerman

NAME	NICKNAME	DESTINATION	PROBABLE DESTINATION	CLAIM TO FAME
Ann Pushman	Puddy the Pig	Pig Farm	Rabbit Farm	Zebra tracts
Shelagh Hurley	Shirley (alias: THE Hurley)	Surgeon	Preserved specimen in lab	Physical laziness
Jane-Ann McBurney	McBee	Gogo dancer for a ban- jo parlour	Math teacher in an all girls' school	4-inch REAL nails
Olenka Grygier	Ollie	Historian	Communist Revolutionary	Verbal diarrhea
Kathy Whitham	Tin Grin	Veterinarian	Inside an elephant's mouth	Knobby Knees No. 1
Debby Sipolins	Inta	Opera singer		ATTENDING ALL CLASSES
Susan Atack	Olive	Veterinarian	Stable cleaner	Knobby Knees No. 2
Brenda Hill	Brenda Hill	Undecided	Exorcist	Long . . . long . . . long . . . long . . . words
Janet Holmes	Jan	Dog	Human	Jive and Charleston
Wendy MacPhee	MacPee	Speech therapist	Teaching speech therapy to 10 children	Burlesque
Ranjy Basu	Ranj	Prime Minister (succes- sor of Indira Ghandi)	Blood donor	Flappy bloomers
Kathy Zimmerman	Cousin Hebe (alias: Zitman)	Gilbert and Sullivan productions on broadway	Flaming Mame on Elm- wood stage	Amoeba Man and Howe are you Kathy?
Virginia Dunsby	Virdunsby or Doormouse	Flute soloist in an orchestra	Music teacher at Elmwood	Sleeping inconspicuously during English
Heather McIntosh	Heather McIntosh	Nuclear scientist	Nuclear Scientist	Perfection
Diana MacDonald	Miss Teen Canada	Housewife	Miss Canada	Take a wild guess
Leandra Ram-Charan	Chran or Luigi	Empress of Peru	House-maid	Being undiplomatic



MRS. INNS



Raquel Ibarra



Judy Martin



Sonya Taticek



Ana Balderama



Keltie-Ann Johnston



Susan Reid



Elena Vaillancourt



Barbara Clark

GRADE 10



Julia Woods



Florentia Conway



Tina Kealey



Mimi Singh



Judy Young



Angela Cvetanovic



Jane Martin



Patrice Stinson



Susan Hoose

BARB CLARK: Without Barb and her powerful fight fist, little (?) grade 10 might have been pushed around by the grades 12 and 13. We all appreciated your butterscotches, Barb, which kept us going till break.

FLORENTIA CONWAY: Um . . . Um . . . She is always doing something different and usually succeeds? She was our Student Council rep. not to mention the fact that she and Jane also won the Double's Tootsie's Competition? Now that's talent!!

ANGELA CVETANOVIC: Angie seems to be clued out at times, but usually knows more than we do. Without her help in Physics none of us would have made it. Thanks!

SUE HOOSE: A new member to the clan, we have trained her, and now she is as corrupted as we are. We hope she enjoyed this new way of life - "Excitement at its best."

KELTIE-ANN JOHNSTON: Keltie is cute and freckled. She is our Math whiz and the Rembrant of our time. She loves going to grade 10 Theatre Arts. . . . We wonder why?

TINA KEALY: Her long legs drove us wild this year. Her love is for horses and something else in the class. She certainly seems to love wild animals.

JANE MARTIN: We finally came to the conclusion this year that Jane is hard of seeing:

(a) Anyone who gets as close to Florentia as she did.

(b) Anyone who steals a cookie when "you know who" is around.

So we recommended her to the class captain who is working on the latest style of horn rimmed glasses.

JUDY MARTIN: Judy is definitely an asset to the class (which ever way you want to take that). Without her smile and her witty and charming personality, our class would not be something to be desired.

SUSAN REID: Without her speed and agility she would never make it to class on time. Always reliable when Jenny can't ring the bell, we couldn't do without her.

MIMI SINGH: Mimi has what it takes! She is the only one in the class who has a boyfriend. What ever happened to the rest of us? There are things about her appearance that certainly stick out.

PATRICE STINSON: In the first ten minutes she was elected form captain, five people got in trouble . . . My how time flies when you're having fun.

SONYA TATICEK: Sonya's coordination leaves something to be desired. This year, on top of breaking her leg, she had a tendency to fall down the stairs. Someone in particular, though, is still suffering from her excellent pea-shooting abilities in Latin, but S.R. is taking care of that.

ELENA VAILLANCOURT: Frankly, Elena prefers F.M. to any other radio station and G.M. to any other make of cars. Need we say any more?

JULIA WOODS: Julia tries hard, but nothing seems to work. She has tried new hairdos and she is going to Theatre Arts, but that has obviously failed. Good luck Julia (you'll need it).

JUDIE YOUNG: Judie is the shrimp cocktail of the class. She comes in the new mini size and sometimes seems to pop up in the unusual places. Eat, Drink and BE MERRY!!

ANA BALDERAMMA: One of our new Mexicans this year, she had only one fault; she had the habit of catching up on her beauty rest during classes. A bad habit, but a great new addition to our class!

RAQUEL IBARRA: Her beautiful clothes really made her stand out in our class this year. Her watch, though, was really the highlight of conversation. It's been really nice knowing you!

HELEN LESLIE: Commonly mistaken as Leslie, Helen came into our class last, but not least. She learned, or at least tried, to love this new way of life. We all wish you luck next year!

THE HOLLYWOOD STARS



MRS. JAY



Deli Afolabi



Jane Scarth



Raine Phythian



Jane Burke-Robertson



Elizabeth Sellers



Beverly Cousineau



Susan Sourial



Carla Peppler



Jennifer Harris



Jennifer Johnston



Julia Sumner



Rosemary Nesbitt



Akiko Nishiyama



Karen Molson

ABSENT
Nancy Beamish
Deborah Rodgers

GRADE 9 FORM NOTES

ADVICE TO NEXT GRADE NINE'S -
(So you won't get as many demerits as we did)

Don't have water fights (like Jenni).
Don't carry a Latin dictionary in your pocket (like Jennifer).
Don't pound on the floor on top of Mrs. Whitwill's office (like Elizabeth).
Don't chase after streakers (like Dele).
Don't eat tuck in Math (like Jane B-R).
Don't write letters in History (like Karen).
Don't read "The Sensuous Woman" in French (like Raine).
Don't catch your talons on the typing keys (like Jane S.).
Don't throw chairs out the window (like Akiko).
Don't put whoopee cushions on the chairs (like Susan).
Don't fall asleep in English (like Bev).
Don't throw chocolate pudding at lunch (like Carla).
Don't lock the teacher out of the room (like Nancy).
Don't set the alarm clock in Geography (like Julie).
Don't pull the doorknob out of the door (like Debbie).
Don't have a Rosemary Nesbitt in the class.
Don't ruin your young years with Grade 9 (like Mrs. Jay).





Hazel Eaglesome



Martha Fearon



Amanda Greenhalgh



Lynne Houwing



Rachel Jackson



Bobbi-Lee Kenny

GRADE 8



MRS. CHANCE



Claire Loshak



Susan McColm



Suzanne Pataki



Sarah Ramplee-Smith

ABSENT
Sarah Murray



Felicity Smith



Pamela Sumner



Sian Warwick



Susan Anderson



Margot Bethune



Alexandra Wilson



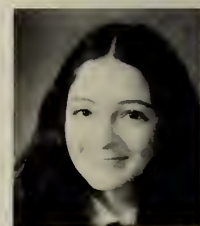
Nadine Cvetanovic



Poppy Don



Venetia Butler



Emily Conway



Tomboy



Blue Bonnet



Pickles . . . Pickles



Tootsies



Then the beauty
now the beast.

AS BABIES



Baby you haven't
changed.



White bloomers?!



Au - - de la lune

ABSENT: Sarah Murray

Our little songbird.

Our big baby.

Horses, horses.



Look Mom! No
Cavities!



Still talking eh?!



Gotch'a!



Always at Ashbury!



Future Globetrotter.



Really . . .



Cute but Clumsy.



She'll take you on a
trip.



Tie back your hair.



Yeah but . . .

WANTED

1,000,000 (¢)



Francesca Coe



Nadine Campbell



Sheena Fraser



Victoria Gall



Katherine Green



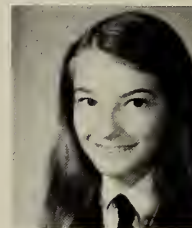
Christine Humphreys



Catherine Harris



Pamela Houwing



Marianne Karsh

ABSENT
Julie La Traverse



Sarah Martin



Carolyn Warren



Sandra Zagerman



Jill Reid

GRADE VII

ASSUMED NAMES

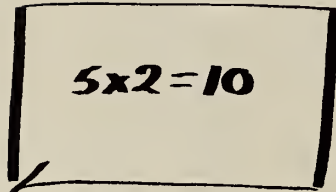
Sarah Martin - 'Martini'
Katherine Green - 'Katrina'
Victoria Gall - 'Scottie'
Sheena Fraser - 'Cream Puff'
Sandra Zagerman - 'Timmie'
Christine Humphreys - 'Humpy'
Pam Houwing - 'Bumper'
Candy Warren - 'Sweetie'
Jill Reid - 'Jillie'
Catherine Harris - 'Harassed'
Francesca Coe - 'Chestnut', or 'Franc'
Julie LaTraverse - 'Jules'
Marianne Karsh - 'Karshie'
Nadine Campbell - 'Nadini'

IF YOU HAVE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING THE WHEREABOUTS OF THIS DESTRUCTIVE GANG PLEASE LOCATE MRS. BENOIT - INVESTIGATOR - AT ELMWOOD SCHOOL . . .



MRS. BENOIT

GRADES 5 & 6



Joyce Eaglesome (5)



Soraya Farha (5)



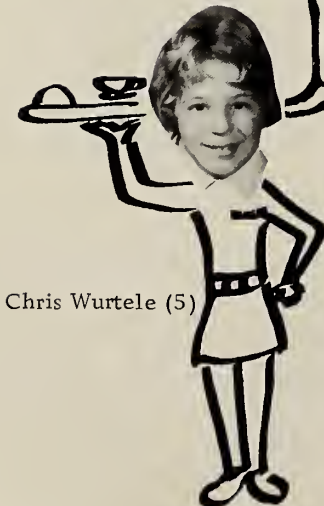
Mary Jane Pigott (6)



Kathy Suh (5)



Jane Friesen (5)



Chris Wurtele (5)



Janet Burrows (5)



Suzanna Warren (5)



Robin Stoner (6)



Alison Provencal (6)



Heather Lawson (5)



Lisa Weinberger (6)



Jennifer Horwood (6)



Andrea Korda (6)



Debra Hillary (6)



ABSENT: Andrea Korda (grade 6).

MRS. MacDONALD
"Ever-Faithful"



Nan Bell



Tara Bell



Kim Chamberlain



Mariah Crawley



Darya Farha



Juliana Farha



Maureen Assaly



MRS. HANLEY



Lesley Banner



Brenda Kimmel



Wendy Leth-Steensen



Christine McCartney



Patricia Pezoulas

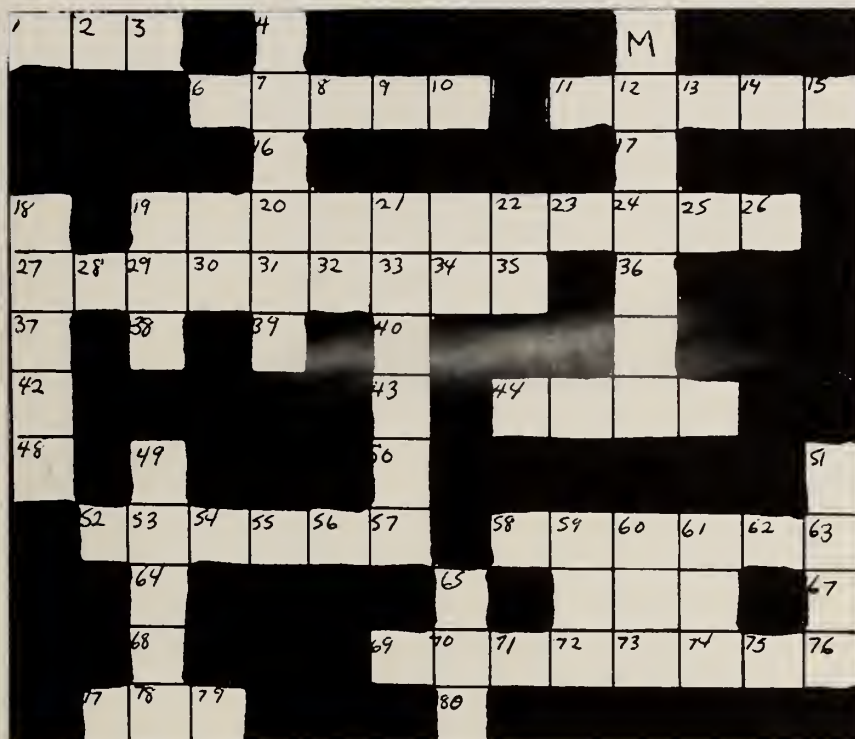


Ann Tessier



Elizabeth Gatti

PREPS



ACROSS

1. & 52. Prep's teacher
6. New girl from Holland
11. Youngest in the school
22. Blonde with blue eyes
27. She came from California
44. Our only redhead
58. Her hobby is dancing
68. Youngest of three sisters
77. Dark hair, dark eyes, her initials are P.P.

DOWN

4. She loves horseback riding
5. She has ash-blonde hair and blue eyes
18. She came to us from Halifax
19. She left for Toronto
21. She's Scottish and she wears her hair in braids
49. One of three sisters
51. The younger of two sisters
65. She broke two toes tobogganing



You mean you drank
the WHOLE thing?



Is it raining or is it pouring?



You've got to be kidding!



Huh?



Oh, let's see.



Aw, you guys, this
is really bad.



Where? Where?



Bad? What's bad?



BOTTOM ROW: Marianne Karsh, Suzanna Warren, Maureen Assaly, Kathy Suh, Gail Sadler, Talitha Fabricius, Alison Schofield, Ara Nixon, Wendy Leth-Steensen, Susan Anderson, Alison Provencal, Victoria Gall. SECOND ROW: Akiko Nishiyama, Alex Wilson, Poppy Don, Sheena Fraser, Mariah Crawley, Christine Humphreys, Felicity Smith, Rachel Jackson, Julia Clubb. THIRD ROW: Sandra Kovachic, Susan McColm, Carla Peppler, Kathy Green, Ranjy Basu, Elizabeth Sellers, Martha Fearon, Diana Chan, Janet Holmes. FOURTH ROW: Ana Balderrama, Karen Turner, Wendy MacPhee, Jennifer Miles, Heather McIntosh, Jenny Johnston, Leslie Ogilvie, Shelagh Hurley, Diana MacDonald, Susan Atack. TOP ROW: Kathy Zimmerman, Judy Martin, Florentia Conway, Barbara Coyne, Raquel Ibarra, Elena Vaillancourt, Helen Leslie, Sonya Taticek. ABSENT: Jane Tynan-Byrd, Lesley Fong, Mary Smiley, Debby Williams, Rosalind Chu, Judy Young, Karen Molson, Joyce Eaglesome, Soraya Farha, Chris Wurtele.

Dear Fry,

I would like to thank all the people in Fry who helped to make this such a successful year. Special thanks must of course go to Ranjy and Shelagh in the senior school and Poppy and Alex in the junior school, but really it is due to the continued effort by each and every member of Fry. We have had a very good year, from bake sales to tug-of-wars, and jello-eating to dress up days. The actual successes, however, are not really so important as the fact that we have worked together as a group, uniting all the grades as well as the junior and the senior schools.

I wish the best of luck to next year's house head, Karen Turner, and best luck to all of Fry in their endeavours.

Love, Alison

P.S. Try again for the Small Fry!



BOTTOM ROW: Nan Bell, Patricia Pazoules, Jennifer Horwood, Elizabeth Gatti, Darya Farha, Cathy Ashton, Barbara Howden, Lourdes Jiminez, Tara Bell, Brenda Kimmel, Christine McCartney. SECOND ROW: Deborah Hillary, Sarah Martin, Bobby-Lee Kenny, Chris Wurtele, Mary Jane Pigot, Francescoe Coe, Diana Conway, Suzanne Pataki, Claire Loshak, Nadine Campbell. THIRD ROW: Susan Reid, Beverley Cousineau, Leandra Ramcharan, Lynne Houwing, Amanda Greenhalgh, Mimi Singh, Barbara Clark, Morag Jamieson, Linda Wong, Emily Conway, Alison Green, Jane Martin. TOP ROW: Sarah Ramplee-Smith, Deli Afolabi, Virginia Dunsby, Jane Scarth, Nancy Yeung, Monique Perron, Janis Robertson, Monica Stinson, Julia Sumner. ABSENT: Jill Hepworth, Roberta Laking, Frances Elkie, Brenda Hill, Debbie Goodwin.

Dear Nightingale,

I should like to express my thanks to the members of this house for their aid to me during this year. Though we seemed to have a slow beginning, our efforts were rewarded and we made the required funds during the first two terms. The last term, we experimented with something which involved the participation of all the houses. This was the school film festival, which was a great success, and, I hope, enjoyed by all.

There are several people in Nightingale who I could not have managed without: all those who participated regularly in sports, (even though we failed to defeat the olympic calibre of the Fry team) and especially Diana Conway, Vice House Head; Lynne Houwing, Junior House Head; Janis Robertson, House Sports Captain; and last but not least, Emily Conway, Junior Sports Captain for Nightingale. Thanks also to Monica Stinson, who was invaluable as a general all-round help.

I wish Monique Perron luck in the coming year, and sincerely hope that she can conjure up a little more spirit for house games.

All in all, it was a good year, and again I would like to thank those people who helped make it so.

Love, and good luck in whatever you do!
Barb



BOTTOM ROW: Janet Burrows, Jill Reid, Lesley Banner, Juliana Farha, Lesley MacMillan, Heather Nesbitt, Heather Lawson, Cathy Harris, Anne Tessier. SECOND ROW: Pamela Hovwing, Susan Souriel, Jane Friesen, Jennifer Harris, Carolyn Warren, Venieta Butler, Sandra Zaggerman, Sian Warwick, Robin Stoner. THIRD ROW: Susan Vaast, Angela Cvetanovic, Kathy Whitham, Cathy Ginsberg, Susan Hoose, Hazel Eaglesome, Raine Phythian, Patrice Stinson, Rosemary Nesbitt, Olenka Grygier, Ann Pushman, Debbie Sipolins. TOP ROW: Cathy Guthrie, Ann Graham, Nadine Cvetanovic, Margot Bethune, Pamela Sumner, Peggy Bethel, Daphne Snelgrove, Violet Tai, Jane Ann McBurney, Donna MacPhee, Tina Kealy, Lucy Ismail. ABSENT: Patrice Vaast, Susan Bond, Sara Tynan-Byrd, Julia Woods, Jane Burke-Robertson, Lisa Weinberger, Kim Chamberlain.

Dear Keller:

As the head of Keller House for the past year I would like to bestow my thanks on my very able vice-head, Lesley, my Senior Sports Captain, Jane-Anne; my Junior House Head, Margot; and my Junior Sports Captain, Sandy. These girls have been of the greatest value to me, especially when I was feeling defeated they lent a helping hand and a sympathetic ear. Although house and school spirit in Keller is becoming increasingly hard to muster up I feel that house spirit in Keller has improved greatly this year. We've had our problems, financial or otherwise as usual but I feel that all in all the year has been a success. Keller this year was not an athletic house filled with great sportsmen nor filled with people of great baking ability able to raise lots of money, but I feel that Keller had the people in it most capable of living up to our motto of "Fair Play".

Good luck next year Lesley
and thanks.

Love
Heather



SENIOR CHOIR, Left to Right, FRONT ROW: Karen Molson, Debbie Sipolins, Diana MacDonald, Heather McIntosh, Diana Conway, Cathy Ginsberg, Shelagh Hurley, Olenka Grytier, Mrs. Harwood Jones. BACK ROW: Kathy Whitham, Debbie Williams, Wendy MacPhee, Ann Graham, Jane Tynan-Bird, Lucy Ismail, Susan Atack, Kathy Zimmerman, Virginia Dunsby, Leandra Ramcharan, Susan Vaast. ABSENT: Ranjy Basu.



JUNIOR CHOIR, Left to Right, BOTTOM ROW: Janet Burrows, Soraya Farha, Patricia Pazoules, Heather Lawson, Christine McCartney, Juliana Farha, Darya Farha, Brenda Kimmel, Mariah Crawley, Suzanna Warren, Jill Reid. 2nd ROW: Mrs. Harwood Jones, Sian Warwick, Christine Humphreys, Carolyn Warren, Francesca Coe, Poppy Don, Marianne Karsh, Suzanne Pataki, Felicity Smith, Sheena Fraser. TOP ROW: Nadine Cvetanovic, Pamela Sumner, Kathy Green, Rachel Jackson, Claire Loshak, Jane Friesen, Nadine Campbell, Susan McCollm, Martha Fearon, Margot Bethune.

DANCE COMMITTEE

Although the dance committee this year would like to thank the school for their immense support, we feel that we cannot truthfully do so. For, the lack of cooperation due to the apathetic view towards our dances, has contributed to the deficit we have experienced. We attempted to make the dances a success, and to those who DID attend, and DID give us support, go our grateful thanks!!

Everyone agrees that the formal was "FANTASTIC"!! Although we hesitate to accept all the glory, we will accept most of it, and give a bit to the Ashbury dance committee as compensation for the battles we used to have over this controversial subject.

Julia Clubb, Cathie Guthrie, and Donna MacPhee, (the dance committee) would like to thank ALL for their support! A special thanks must certainly go to Shelagh Hurley and Susan Atack, - our underdogs, whose help was appreciated.

Yours truly,
The Miracle Workers . . .
i.e. Julia Clubb, Cathie Guthrie,
and
Donna MacPhee.



SUI SANG COMMITTEE



This year the Sui Sang Committee took a new approach to raising money. A raffle, conducted in the fall of this year, was successful in raising a substantial amount of money, which aided in the financing of our two foster children - Gabrielle (South America), and Yung Sook, (Korea). The raffle prize, a clock-radio, was won by Donna MacPhee.

As Yung Sook is no longer eligible for the foster parents plan, we have accepted a new child from Turkey.

I would like to thank Wendy MacPhee and Kathy Whitham for being helpful and enthusiastic members of the committee. A special thanks goes to Cafe 5A who kindly donated their profits to this worthwhile cause.

Thank you Elmwood,
Lesley MacMillan



BELL RINGER

Jennifer Johnston: How are the ears NOW Jen?



LIBRARY

Jennifer Miles: SUCH an intellectual!!

TUCK ANYONE?



TUCK MONITORS, Left: Heather McIntosh, Right, Virginia Dunsby.
NOBODY'S on a diet on Tuck day. Right . . . ?



ART & LITERATURE

THE ADVENTURE OF KING THE CAT

by Wendy Leth-Steensen

King the cat lived in a castle. He was the king of all the cats. He was very happy. He went for a little walk that day. He went down to the market and took a pear and ate it without even paying for it. They (the men at the store) ran after him, picked up some rocks and threw them at the cat because they never knew that he was the king of cats. "I'll make them pay more rent for that," said the cat and he did. They became his servants. He paid them every Friday for their work. Soon they got rich again. They threw him out in the water pail and he got stuck. The men laughed at him. King the cat got very, very mad so he called some of his cats together. Their names were: Kittie, Myjum, Coco and Seenay. They were all wise cats but Coco wasn't that wise. Myjum put on a costume like an old lady. He went to the castle and knocked at the door. "Is the master in the house?" said Myjum. The man was stern.

"I'm the master, where do you want me to go?" he said. Myjum brought him outside and pushed him in the well. Then he went back to the castle and knocked on the door again. "Is the master in the house?" said Myjum.

"I'm the master of the house," he said fooling. "Where do you want me to go?"

Again he brought him to the well and pushed him in. He went back to the castle and knocked on the door his third time. "Are you the master of the house?" Myjum said.

"No, I'm not. I wonder where he is," the man said. "I think I know, come with me", said Myjum. The man's name was John. John went with Myjum. He stepped on the dress that Myjum was wearing and his tail stuck out. John took Myjum by the tail and hung him by the tail and put him in the horses' drinking box. Myjum thought to himself, "I must get rid of him". The next day he put a different costume on and it was a salesman. He knocked on the door. "Would you like to see a boat?" asked Myjum. "Sure I would". John said. "Come with me", Myjum said. He took him to the well again and pushed him in.

"Well, that's the end of that". Myjum said.

It was a cool summer's day as I stepped out the door with the laundry in a wicker basket. The wind was blowing fiercely so I searched for a place surrounded by trees. It was pleasant walking to and fro between the large maples. The grass was brown and stiff, chewed to the ground by the animals.

Finally I approached a perfect spot. The tree had lost all its leaves and its great arms were nearly touching the ground, leaving a little shaded cavern underneath. I knelt down and crawled in.

I set up the small rope I had brought with me, tying it from one branch to the other. Taking each garment out and pinning it up separately, I was finished in just a little while.

This small world was so peaceful. I couldn't bear to leave it. Lying down, I rested my head on the tree trunk. I lay there dreaming, my thoughts in an imaginary wonderland. When finally my thoughts returned, I realized the time.

Jumping up I turned and stumbled over a little mound of dirt. Something had been covered. Being a curious woman, I couldn't resist the temptation. I bent down and scraped away the dirt. I felt something. Picking it up I found the most beautiful rose. On the delicate china danced petite elves dressed in green costumes.

Hurriedly I covered it up and pulled down the wash. I ran away to search for another place to hang it.

My birthday was tomorrow.

Felicity Smith - Grade 8

I'VE WANDERED ALL OVER THIS GREEN GROWING LAND

I've wandered all over this green growing land,
With pack on my back and cane in my hand.
Whistling and singing I journeyed along,
Singing and humming a merry old song.

Whistling and singing I journeyed along,
All through the Rockies the wind was so strong.
It blew and it battered from moon until noon,
The storm settled down by the light of the moon.

By the bright glowing light of the moon,
Strong and high the mountains loomed.
An owl screeched, a young deer ran -
The silence was undisturbed by man.

The dawn broke slowly with a beautiful glow,
With my knapsack packed I was ready to go.
Off to the prairies I headed that day,
I hitched along on the old highway.

I passed through the wheatfields so golden and gay
The time of the year was early in May.
The reapers were toiling in the hot summer sun,
It did not look like very much fun.

In large and small cities I didn't stay long.
My wishing for fresh air was ever so strong.
I got out of the cities as fast as I could
And headed for home where my destiny stood.

My home was the ocean, briny and rough,
Where I wanted to live so strong and tough.
I travelled all over seeking my home,
At last I have found it never more to roam.

Grades 5 & 6



ADDRESS UNKNOWN

My home is a shifting sandbar
On a dark and boundless sea;
No one knows my whereabouts -
No one, including me.

W. J.
Kingston Penitentiary



MY CHILDHOOD MEMORY

Every few years I would visit my grandparents in Penarth, Wales for a few weeks. Weeks before my coming my grandmother would save sixpences for my brother and me and by the time we had arrived two small wooden jars would be filled with sixpences. Our faces beamed when we emptied the jars and poured the shining silver onto the rug. There was so much that this money would buy - comics from W.H. Smith and Son on Windsor St., the main road, toys from the toy store and sherbert from the ice cream store on the pier. For thupence we could walk along the pier and watch the people fish and stare down through the cracks and get dizzy. But then there was something money couldn't buy: a walk in the park.

When you entered the park it was like leaving the real world and entering into a world of paths and sunlight through leafy trees. In Alexandra park there were steps and railings to swing on, bushes shaped like birds and many other shapes, and small flowers to smell because they were scented with a delicate perfume. Waterfalls tinkled merrily and splashed below small wooden bridges. The water tumbled over the wooden wall in front of the brook and every time I came to the park that tiny waterfall would be running over the edge coming towards me carrying with it leaves from the trees. Crocuses, blue, yellow, white, and purple, bloomed along the paths. Towards one end of the park there was a special plot of crocuses where, in the summer when they had bloomed, they made a beautiful pattern of the Welsh coat of arms - the three ostrich feathers with the motto: - Ich Dein - I serve, beneath it.

There was always sadness with me when I looked at the tiny grave-yard with the brilliant poppies growing around the grey tombstones. When I was small I sometimes used to see an old man there who would silently walk up and very gently place flowers on each of the tombstones and walk slowly and quietly away.

In this park I spent my happiest days and probably none will ever come near to them again.

by Sian Warwick



TOTUS VENIET FINI

Totus veniet fini tandem
atque hi res.
audio corvos vocans solem
extra tenebros.
Flumens currit carmen secum
sub caelis Dei.
Vita mei unum donum
semper scio Sui.

Debbie Williams

GROWING UP

When I grow up, I'll carry a stick,
And look very dignified.
I'll have a watch that will really tick,
My house will be tall and made out of brick,
And no one will guess that it's just a trick,
And I'm really myself inside.

Susan Anderson - Grade 8



She had arrived at the old stone house only two days ago, at the orders of her Aunt's psychiatrist. Her Aunt had suffered great mental stress after her Uncle had died. Shaken by grief she had almost ceased to exist, and had become deeply depressed since the hour he had died. When one looked at her, she almost appeared to be in another world. The psychiatrist had said that it might do her good to have her niece with her, and

although she hadn't believed him, she had gone anyway.

It was her third night at the house. She had fallen into an uneasy sleep that night remembering her Aunt's words "Good Bye". It should have caused her niece no concern, but somehow it did. She noticed how unusually calm her Aunt had been that day, and how she had seemed to have been gathering strength. For what? The question plagued her mind, but finally she slept.

Suddenly she awoke. It was the dead of night and her room was in darkness. She sensed danger in the air, but did not know what it could be. The air was rigid and still. Suddenly she heard it, a sound. What could it be? She listened intently. It was coming closer. Her mind gave way to panic and she tried to scream, but her throat was too dry, her lips too parched. Her eyes grew wide as she heard the sound reach her door. It paused. She stared at the door, terror gripping her. Suddenly the noise passed, and moved away.

She sat staring at the door for several minutes, then licked her lips, ashamed of her sudden panic, yet still unsure. What had it been? She searched her mind for answers it would not give. She tried to sleep, but could not, so reaching for her dressing gown, she clenched her fists and quietly opened the door. Once in the dark hall she closed it softly behind her.

Her soft bedroom slippers made little noise on the floor boards as she moved. Something creaked behind her. She froze, waiting for something to happen but nothing did. She looked cautiously around her and saw nothing. Her tensed body relaxed a little. She padded down the hallway to a large wooden door, and then she heard it. Somewhere through that old wooden door came the sound of heavy breathing, and yes her Aunt's laboured steps!

Panic gripped her. She instinctively knew her Aunt had locked the door. Now she understood her Aunt's last words of farewell, and why her Aunt had been saving her strength. She battered on the door, her whole body trembling with the effort. Suddenly it gave, she ran as never before, then suddenly stopped. She heard a sickening groan and a thud. She gasped and ran. She passed a closed room, then stopped and opened the door. Ahhhh! a blood-curdling scream filled the night air. Her world whizzed by. She dropped to her knees, her hand clasped over her mouth, and turned her Aunt over. Her Aunt clenched a blood-stained knife. She had been too late. Her Aunt had killed herself.

- Candy Warren - Grade 7



Nov. 29th, 1971

The cottage was warm and cozy. A bright fire was lit and it gave the room a red glow. Supper was on the table. It was a dish my French mother had taught me to make called Quiche Lorraine. There was red wine to drink and chocolate mousse for dessert. Two red candles in silver candle holders that Chris and I had been given as an engagement present a week ago by Danny, stood at either end of the table.

Outside, the fog pressed against the window and lay thick and grey around the house. The trees bent down so that their leaves could peer into the windows like a mother helping her child to see the awaited queen through the crowd.

I waited. The fog, the leaves, and the wind waited too. I was terribly worried. Had he been shot caught by the police? Did the plane crash? Did the plan not work?

It was very late by the time I heard footsteps on the front porch. I jumped and my heart leaped. I rushed to the front door to greet him. He pushed me aside and sat down at the table. He opened his case and there lay the money. Two hundred thousand dollars was on the table within arm's length of me. I could hardly believe it.

"Two hundred thousand dollars split three ways," I pondered. "Chris, that's over sixty five thousand dollars each!"

"Split two ways," he said, "Danny's dead."

"What happened?" I gasped.

"When he was driving me here after I had landed, the car went out of control. I bailed out before it was too late. Danny went over the cliff."

"He's dead now," he said as I began to cry. "There's nothing I could've done."

I knew he was lying. He was greedy and he wanted the money - so he had made the plan. We had helped him out with it. Danny drove him away from his landing spot and I hid him for the two days during the search. It was he who had killed Danny. He'd probably taken the body and dumped it in the woods somewhere. Yes, he murdered my brother and somehow, I knew I was next.

This diary was found in the lonely cottage just outside Oriel in the Cascade Mountains. A hand was found in the woods nearby and also a body. The body is suspected to be "Danny". The fingerprints from the hand match those on the diary. The police now own the diary and the hand that wrote it.

by
Poppy Don



WHEN I AM GONE

When I am gone, I will be gone;
Wait no more, wait no more,
And do not linger where life shone
To light the path up to Death's door.

When I am lost, I will be lost
To the wind but not to you;
Your memories cannot fly; the cost
Would be nothing if you knew.

You will see, yes, you will see
That other lives will take their forms,
That Time is not your enemy,
And lightening only Brightens storms.

When I am free, I will be free,
For you not one more tear I'll shed -
I've learned, and you will also see,
That paths we've made are for others to tread.

by
Karen Molson

THE SUNSET

The silent breeze swept across the lawn.
As I waited for the sunset to come.
Clouds of pink roses greeted my eyes
Touched my heart and went on.
Through the trees
I could see the sky
As colourful as a violet in spring.
Softly the crickets made their noises
While small sparrows
Fought to find a resting place.

The peacefulness of the evening
Brought memories
To my mind -
Quiet memories
Of long ago.

Suddenly the world was dark.
A sharp wind tore at my thoughts
Dark clouds
The setting sun.

by
Susan Vaast



sinking into a mesmerized fog,
he lives nearer to life,
remembering his past.

Lourdes Jimenez

the sun smiled upon us
today as two strangers
met for the millionth time.

Lourdes Jimenez



THE STORY OF ASHUAPMUCHUAN

One day, when the sun was shining the wind blew gently, a baby was born to the Indians. Not only was this baby the most beautiful baby in the tribe, but as he grew older he became the most handsome man. He grew more handsome as time went on; no one could believe he was the son of a servant to the medicine man. His father had gambled away three wives, six children, his house, his food, and his freedom.

He often watched his father help the medicine man, mixing herbs and animal blood to cure his tribe members' sicknesses. His eyes fixed on the ill people telling their tales to his father. They called him Kanaaupscow, the Watcher.

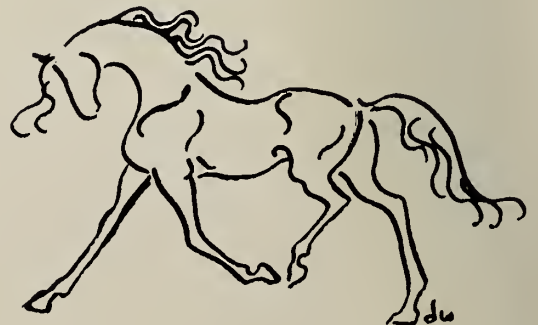
Since his father had such a lowly position in the tribe, Kanaaupscow was not allowed to pick a wife, but was assigned one. The chief knew that Kanaaupscow was assigned to the ugliest, most sinful girl in the tribe. The chief thought that that was not right and so he switched his own son from the most beautiful girl in the tribe, to the ugliest. The chief thought that was fair since his son sinned more than anyone else in the tribe.

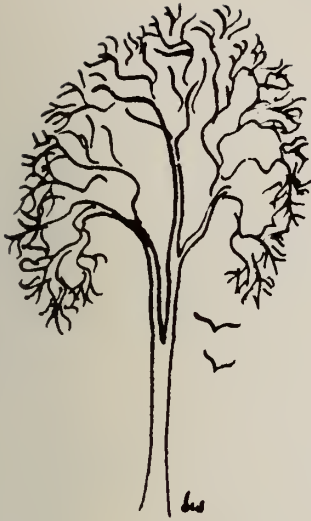
As Kanaaupscow grew older, the chief respected his decisions more. By the time Kanaaupscow was fifteen, all the tribe had seen that he was handsome. They told him he must marry now for beauty never lasts. Before his marriage he had kissed his future wife's sister and the chief's jealous son told on him, forcing him to be punished. He was angry and left the tribe. His wife-to-be heard he was gone and wept. Her name was Atucan, Happy, but her name was turned to Cumto, Weeper.

Kanaaupscow travelled the world and he had said he would. He was on his way back to his tribe, and his love, when he heard a terrible rumour. Someone had told him his beautiful bride-to-be had died. Hearing that, he prayed to the sun that he must be with his bride, and jumped off a cliff onto the ground below.

Meanwhile Cumto was riding her pony when she came upon her lover's body. Screaming, she drove a dagger through her heart and fell upon her lover's body. The tribe heard her screaming and came to her rescue, but they couldn't find her body and returned home. And so the land was named Ashuapmuchuan - the missing lovers.

by
Cathy Harris





Think of me
A tall, slim tree,
Standing all alone.

Think of you,
A little twig,
Soon to be full grown.

by
Margot Bethune

DREAMING

As the warm water rippled
across the beige sand
I started dreaming
Of far away lands,
Of monkeys and lions,
And tigers and bears -
Till all at once
I was standing right there
Among tribesmen and hunters.
I looked all around
To see all the animals
Dead on the ground.
And I wished I was back
In my own little land
Where the warm water ripples
Across the beige sand.

by
Debbie Goodwin

THE SNAIL

Under feet and under tree
The tiny snail will squirm;
He creeps where no one else will see
This shell-like little worm.

He slides on flowers, leaves and ledges
Shy and quite unseen.
Sleeping in the bushy hedges
Dreaming of the day that's been.

by
Christine Humphreys

The Butterfly's cry
Can only be heard by
Another butterfly.

by Kathy Green

HAIKU'S

Black as night, the horse
Runs swiftly through the meadows
To his sheltered home.

by
Pam Howering

Resting peacefully,
While the young ones play around
The goat gives a yawn.

by
Pam Howering

HORSE
Leaps with unseen wings
And floats from field to field though -
When day ends sleep comes.

by
Vicky Gall



A Moment

With a smile on his lips
Red with life, and the fresh breeze
Flowing through his hair
As ripples on the Dead Sea.
Tears in his eyes
Growing every moment
Sparkling as the light
Catches them within its grasp.
A tear is let forth:
It rolls unaware of its reason.
The labour-roughened hand
Drew quickly up to meet it
With a swift nonchalant brush
Towards the cheekbone.
His sea-blue eyes, tormented
By dreams too beautiful
To be thought by him.
But the smile grows,
And an understanding
Of the illusions appears.
Another tear has escaped
But this time is not noticed
For its owner is no longer
In Reality.

By: Emily Conway
Art by: Netia Butler



what is life? i ask you.
i hear no answer,
only silence.

i look outside and see
a tree in all its greenery,
the tree sparkling as the sun
shines on its dewkissed leaves.

i see a kitten playing with
a ball of yarn,
getting itself entangled in an
array of babyblue.
could life be this? still,
i see no answer,
only a smile.

there is a girl, alone, walking
amidst the fields of grass
and dandelions, the breeze
softly nudging her towards
a waiting shadow.

i see people mourning, bringing
flowers to a newly dug grave,
the world ever so still and calm,
filling the atmosphere with grief.
is this life? i ask of you.
i neither see nor hear any answer,
only silent tears.

is the beauty of simplicity life?
is the innocence of youth life?
are the loneliness, pain, and
ecstasy of love life?
could death be life?

i ask only a question:
what is life?
"there is no answer."
and there was silence.

Lourdes Y. Jimenez



L'INDIEN

Je suis Indien, ce n'est pas un crime.
On m'appelle "Peau-rouge" ou bien Sauvage.
J'en ai assez des blancs qui nou briment,
Qui nous enferment dans des réserves
comme des oiseaux en cage.

Quel est ce monde si civilesé?
Pourquoi prêchent-ils la parole de Dieu?
S'ils se détruisent tous entre eux,
Et oublient les lois de l'égalité-fraternité . . .

L'Homme Blanc nous a volé nos terres!
Mais l'Homme Blanc est "fort et intelligent".
C'est un acte glorieux de faire la guerre
Car un Indien n'a ni coeur, ni sentiments . . .

Est-ce la couleur de la peau qui fait l'HOMME?
Ou la grandeur de son âme, de ses actes, de ses pensées?
Mais l'Homme Blanc est trop important pour comprendre
Que ce qui le rend aveugle est la stupidité.

by
Ana Antunes



AUTUMN REFLECTION

The leaves to the ground flutter lifeless
To leave the branches bare, and happy cries
I once lived for fall as if silent at my feet.
Dead colours are shuffled along the pavement
To be blown and turn crisp and dry,
To crunch under passing feet. What use are they
To die in the cold? One may say
They brighten the road; only why,
If winter is to reign? Why not step back
And allow more room
For the birth of Spring, for the real
Beauty which is the green of summer months
To live? Autumn reminds
Me of how endless a wait there is
Until the next breath of green -
Not the bloodshed and the dying sun
But a joy that when caught hold of
Will never die.

by
Karen Molson

Toi . . . et Moi?

Larmes qui coulent sur un visage,
larmes silencieuses et sans retour,
Lèvre gonflée, haleine un peu sauvage,
Yeux meurtris par un chagrin d'amour . . .

Frémissante, échevelée, le front fièvreux,
En elle monte le vain cri du désespoir!
Soudain, dans son regard s'allume un feu,
Le feu des révoltés qui ont cessé de croire.

La jolie bouche a déjà le pli amer
Des vérités si dures et implacables;
Les traits dénotent qu'elle a trop souffert,
Car la vie suit son cours, impitoyable.

C'était toi, petite âme perdue,
Dont j'ai surpris le sanglot étouffé;
J'étais là - tu ne m'as pas entendue -

by
Ana Antunes



A FLOWER IN THE STORM

I walked by the lake on a windy day
when all was grey clouds and white waves,
and a gull called alone on the edge of a storm,
and the warmth of the sun flew away.

The pebbles turned over again on the beach
as the next breaking wave splashed the shore.
and I found a white flower standing alone,
alone in the wind and the storm.

Debbie Williams

TRYING

God knows I've tried;
Tried to make the world see the light,
The light that's within you.
But they just turn the other way
And refuse to see.
God knows I've tried.
Please believe me
. . . Please relieve me . . .

Anon

WAR

entities seek each other -
to love, to hate, to create,
to destroy.
after destruction, there is an
emptiness - a hallowing
of the body.
but slowly, warmth once
again fills it with fire and
gumption.
an urge to rebuild and to
conquer overpowers the body,
weakening it.
the conquest is over, and a
fiery hatred seethes from
the interior.
a desire to crush compels
the exterior body to destroy
its conqueror.

Lourdes Y. Jimenez

L'ARBRE

Je suis un vieil arbre. Chaque automne je suis très triste. Vous allez dire que je ne devrais pas être triste parce que, chaque automne, mes feuilles deviennent rouges, jaunes et brunes, des couleurs qui sont très jolies à regarder sur un arbre, après le drôle de vert qu'on a dû voir tout le printemps et tout l'été.

Si vous dites ça, vous avez raison. Je devrais être très content. Mais l'automne est aussi la saison où je perds toutes les petites amies que j'ai faites au printemps et en été.

Vous allez dire que j'aurai de nouvelles feuilles au printemps. Encore une fois, vous avez raison. Mais chaque automne il est très difficile pour moi de comprendre que je ne vais jamais revoir mes petites amies après l'automne.

C'est la même chose avec les humains, comme vous. Vous perdez une amie et toutes les autres amies te disent que tu en trouveras d'autres qui prendront la place de celles que tu as perdues. Mais vous, vous savez qui vous ne trouverez jamais une telle amie.

C'est ainsi avec moi. Je sais que je ne vais jamais rencontrer une feuille qui est exactement comme une autre qui est perdue.

J'espère que, maintenant, vous comprenez pourquoi je suis triste en automne, même si je devrais être content.

by
Susan Sourial

Lustreless eyes gazed
Out towards the sea.
Inert claws hung limply
In the air
As a resonant wind rustled
Through the feathers.
Suddenly the roar - a deafening roar -
As it groped towards -
Until . . .
 Silence.
The placid calm
Of a deed
Done.

by
Ranjy Basu

TREASURE HOARD

Silver and gold hard metals cold
and dead as a jewel hoard;
light on light a toneless shine-
pale in the eyeless gold.

Rocks in the dark no fire hold;
greed in a hollow cave-
rocks bare bones of earth and time
lingers, nor stops to save.

Debbie Williams

THE LAST SERVICE

Outside, while Rain beat down his fists, you saw
Daisies on the altar that were dying,
With you imprisoned, wished to loose the claw;
When you took communion you were crying.
The line of kneeling people formed an end
By the stone step. Too well you were aware
Of Life outside, and in your heart did rend,
The fighting-to-be-calmness of despair.
You knew that day would forever remain
Coiled in your thoughts as the notes of the song,
While the voice in your mind murmured again:
This time tomorrow, you'll be gone, be gone.
The priest paused by his door, your eyes did fill;
The red velvet curtains swayed, then were still.

by
Karen Molson



THE STREAM OF LIFE

Like a hurried river or a tumbling mountain stream,
a daystar in the dawning waking after pleasant dreams,
Life so quickly going, flowing fast as fire's feet;
Stop by ageless maple trees and welcome what is sweet
as life's distance-runner falters and death's sprinter follows fast,
wake and learn to live before the stream of life is past.

Debbie Williams





IT IS . . .

It is that which . . .

. . . grows methodically up from one step to
the next,
of labours slowly up a rocky path.

. . . perceives objects, clearly arrayed and
waiting for attention,
or peers through mists at shadowed forms.

. . . is contained in a small package, with
a beginning and an end,
yet when released stretches into all eternity.

. . . as the tiny cancer, growing and
polluting from within,
or the healing balm that cleans the
whole.

. . . rises up out of the depths, catching
the light for a shining moment, then sinking down
and away into dust again;
or enters and spins round and round
like a merry-go-round that won't stop.

. . . is lazily floating bubbles, drifting
across the field of vision,
or a constant hail of bullets, ricocheting in
unabated frenzy against walls like to burst.

It is the motivation for all kingdoms
and cultures, all expeditions, conflicts and triumphs;
and the possession of each individual, unique
in every case.

It is thought.

by
Heather McIntosh

I offered you my world. With grasses green, skys of blue, lakes of crystal clear. Mountains big and land enriched to wipe away all fear.

I gave you all of what I had, so that you would not lose it, but now I find after all my work, you really just abuse it.

I offered you my forgiveness, which washed away all sin and guilt and feeling of bad kind. To aid one through with apologies that are so hard to find.

With this aid I gave to you I thought that you may use it. But alas, again your use for it was really quite amusing.

I offered you my love. Providing strength, courage and a helping hand. A little faith, a binding glue, to give to all mankind.

This I gave with all my heart so no one could refuse it. But then I found in this old world, no one really used it.

I offered you all I had. Power, strength and glory. With exceptions, there were few, who even said they're sorry.

And last of all, I gave to you all I ever had. I thought I found someone you'd heed but it ended up quite sad.

To you I gave my only son with all my heart and soul and even then, and even then, he had to pay your toll.

by
Diana MacDonald

LET A BLINDMAN LEAD

In the deepest woods
I felt a sunray fall,
in the darkest shade
I understood it all.

Learn the meaning of life
in a mute child's praise
of sunshine in the leaves
on long summer days.

He cannot hear their song
but the flight of wild birds
weaves rainbows in his soul
with silent fluid words.

To feel the endless blue,
with a blind eagle fly;
he will open blind eyes for you
in the free and cloudless sky.

Debbie Williams



The Schoolroom

- a hushed suppressed quiet -
the second hand can be heard
ticking loudly on the wall
it is past eleven o'clock p.m.
the whirring of the electric lights
can no longer be heard
instead a faint warm glow can
be felt coming from the corner
the desks are free of children
the blackboard neatly erased
soft footsteps echo loudly
through the empty room
the candle wick slowly flickers
in the dark of the night
revealing the body of a child
innocently asleep on the floor.

by
Lourdes Y. Jimenez

THE PROPHET

The sun blazed down mercilessly on his bald spot. The Reverend Jacob Trevor sipped his gin and tonic and turned the page thoughtfully. Brushing a fly from the paper, he called "Elizabeth! I think I've found something." His wife, a pleasant, plump woman, came tiredly up the stairs of the patio, placing the gardening shears on the table.

"Oh! This heat!" she sighed, "What have you found, dear?"

The Reverend looked at the Book solemnly.

"From my book I've found a rather good hint about the synagogue in Jerusalem. See here, "And brought me into the east gate of the Lord's house, which looketh eastward." That's Ezekial 11:1. That means it faced the river. The east gate, I mean." Waiting for her surprise at his revelation, the good man was disappointed.

"Yes, I suppose so, dear," she said vaguely, "now if I replant the roses over there will they look better? Oh, I'm dying of thirst!"

"I wish you wouldn't use that expression, my dear," said her husband, peevishly, "And mind you don't drink the spring water, I know it's closer but it's polluted, Mrs. Waker told me so."

Elizabeth wandered into the kitchen.

"Yes, it's approaching at an extremely rapid rate - over 12 million miles an hour. However, according to MY calculations it SHOULD miss Earth by about one thousand miles, if it's course is constant." The vein in the professor's forehead stood out, perplexed.

"Have you ANY idea what it is yet, sir?" asked the reporter.

"No. None at all. It was not even perceived by our satellite station, which warns us of ANY approaching mass, be it meteorite or planet. I don't understand. I just DON'T understand!"

"Let me take you to lunch, professor. You've been up all night. Come and have something . . . a steak?"

"No, no. I don't eat meat. Just send someone up with some whole wheat bread and cottage cheese, will you please? Thanks. Yes, I'm sure."

Look at that graph, Johnson. The crime rate has been increasing by two crimes daily. It's not a lot on a weekly basis, but LOOK HOW MANY MURDERS THERE HAVE BEEN IN THIS DISTRICT ALONE this month!! Ten! Ten lives, Johnson!! And all apparently just for money - muggings, Johnson. And different people responsible. This is no psychopathic killer. We've got a city of murderers. The old game of cops and robbers is over, Johnson. There's a new game for a new generation. It's called killers and victims, Johnson. A game of killers and victims."

The Reverend turned out the bathroom light and climbed between the two cool sheets. He opened his Bible and his eyes alighted on one section, again of Ezekiel, at random.

"And say unto the people of the land, Thus saith the Lord God of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and of the land of Israel: They shall eat their bread with carefulness, and drink their water with astonishment, that the land may be desolate from all that is therein, because of the violence of all them that dwell therein.

And the cities that are inhabited shall be laid waste, and the land shall be desolate; and ye shall know that I am the Lord." - Ezekiel, 12:19,20.

The Reverend shut the light off thoughtfully.

From their viewpoint one million miles away from the earth, the two men manning the repair ship for the satellite for world T.V. transmission, watched in speechless astonishment as the Earth slowly disappeared as though being poured out of a glass cup.

"It's as though it had never been," said one in horror as the darkness replaced the planet.

by
Kathy Zimmerman

NON-COMMITTAL 'SECURITY'

The unspoken words,
The indifferent response,
The absence of recognition,
The unaccepted actions,
Weigh heavily upon the conscience.
No matter how minute,
The scar remains;
It is action past-unchangeable, unforgiveable.
Not necessarily a break as definite as death,
Yet just as serious in its implications:
Destruction, loss, deadlock, or worst of all, misinterpretation.
No matter where the fragile line is drawn:
Between commitment - action or reaction,
Is not a response, an allegiance, an obligation,
Better than insipid passage?
The inner self is so often reserved,
Not wishing to jeopardize non-committal 'security',
Willing silence for supposed self-preservation.

Ara Nixon

IF YOU WANT

If you want to catch a butterfly you've got to chase
it through the thistles to its flying place
and creep up after it what seems an hour
silent to its distant jewelled flower.

If you want to live you've got to learn
followed by the work that lets you earn,
but if you want to, living, be alive,
you'll have to learn to feel and use your eyes.

Debbie Williams



A CHILD'S DREAM

Felicity's dream had become a reality one Sunday that now seemed as if it was lived only yesterday. She had attended church in the morning with her grandmother, and walking home, feeling suddenly flighty in her new green dress with the ribbon, she had chosen a different route.

Felicity blinked in the bright sunlight as she stepped out from the quiet shadowiness of the small Tadoussac chapel. The warmth of the sun on her skin sent a ripple of happiness through her body. She skipped lightly down the steps, looking back quickly over her shoulder to smile and wave at her grandmother, who was just coming out the door. It was understood that Felicity liked to walk home alone after church, and her grandmother turned to some of the ladies to talk as the girl hurried across the church lawn to the road.

It pleased Felicity to know that everyone who went to the Tadoussac chapel knew everyone else. There was a sense of wonderful belonging; of knowing that no one was a stranger among them, and it made her happy.

The road that Felicity chose to take home that day was not an unfamiliar one. It wound around from the church road to the doctor's house, and followed the edge of the golf course before it reached the woods on the mountain. The road she usually took home was a shorter route, and it followed the edge of the bay.

Felicity smiled in spite of herself as she dug her bare toes into the cool wet grass that grew on the mound separating the tire ruts. Her grandmother didn't like her to take off her shoes when she was wearing her good church clothes, but there was no one around now to see her so it didn't matter. A breeze blew in from the sea and bathed her with a feeling of freshness, felt only in the coolness of salt air. She took her ribbon from the waist of her green dress and tied it around her hair, to keep it from blowing in her eyes.

There was one man practicing on the golf course, and Felicity watched him prepare to drive, carefully keeping out of sight behind the trees. With a loud crack the ball was flying away, flashing in the sun before it bounced twice and hit the ground, rolling for a while down the field until it stopped and was still. Felicity had followed it with her eyes, and as she looked at it now, she thought vaguely that the small spot of white looked strangely a part of the scenery with the huge mountain looming up dark green behind it.

With a smile, Felicity shifted her shoes to her other hand and continued walking.

At the bend in the road, Felicity didn't notice the path until she was almost standing on it. She had reached the part of the road where it changed its direction to follow the foot of the mountain, where the raspberry bushes grew and reached out red-spotted prickly arms to entice her. The path seemed to go farther up the mountain, though she couldn't see through the bushes to where it led.

Hesitating only to pick some raspberries, Felicity stepped into the woods to follow the path. The raspberries were cool and sweet on her tongue and she chewed them slowly as she walked and climbed, savouring their delicious bursts of flavour. When they were all gone, there were red stains on her hand and she tried to lick the colour off unsuccessfully. She frowned at the stickiness, but then smiled and rubbed her palm on the bark of a tree.

But she was never to know the result of this second attempt, for just beyond this tree her eye caught suddenly on two trees that stood beside each other, and she stopped to gaze at them for a moment.

They weren't just ordinary trees. What set them apart from the others was that they stood together in what you might call a clearing, and there was a narrow space between them that was the only visible space in a line of trees that seemed to curve around in an attempt to hide something. The branches of the two trees caught each other and joined and stretched above them, creating a roof-like archway and a threshold to some secret.

Feeling strangely daring, Felicity looked around carefully to see if any one was watching, but of course there was no one in sight and the man with the ball was away down on the golf course far behind her. Felicity took a deep breath and stepped through the space between the trees, and found herself suddenly feeling as if she had just stumbled upon another world, or heaven.

The tiny world was wrapped in green, with spots of colour blurring into each other that were wild weeds and flowers. The arch of blue above beamed down on her, smiling as if to say: "You see? We were here all the time waiting for you, and now you've come." And all Felicity could say, breathlessly, was: "Oh good morning, good morning, oh, oh, good morning!"

All the troubles in the world danced away.

Felicity walked around the garden quite slowly, taking note of every little flower, rock, and tree. A stream trickled down from a tiny waterfall at the top of the garden, and she wiggled her toes in the water, which was warm from the heat of the sun on the rock. Red and spiky devil's-paint-brush grew below the rock, and wild strawberries hid under green leaves and tall grass. Daisies and yellow buttercups swayed together along the stream. And in one special corner, delicate and tiny and pink, grew Felicity's favourite flower, Sheep's Laurel.

Since that Sunday, Felicity loved the garden, and returned there often. It was a child's dream, and she knew there was no other place like it in the world.

She was the only one who knew it existed. This knowledge made her happy, for nothing mattered but that the garden was hers. She needed it, yet she'd never again find it but in childhood.

Sometimes Felicity went to the garden just to rest by the stream or lie in the sun, and other times she went seeking solitude or consolation. She would whisper her secrets to the flowers, and they would nod understandingly. The birch leaves would seem to whisper reassuring words to her, and the birds would sing to make her happy again. Sometimes she used to sing back to the birds, for she could imitate the white-throated sparrow's call of "Sweet, sweet, sweet Tadoussac Tadoussac." And the birds' notes were always joyful.

On foggy days Felicity was able to imagine she was in the forbidden world of magic, and she would hold her breath as she tiptoed through the grass that was almost as tall as she was. That was terribly exciting. On other days she used to imagine she was a beautiful princess seeking solitude and release from the palace courtiers.

Each time she visited the garden, she would pretend that it was the first time, and she would have the happiness of discovering it all over again. And each time she went it was still there.

It happened one day when Felicity had been collecting daisies for her imagined lover's grave, and she reached through the grass to add some buttercups to her bouquet. Suddenly she stiffened and dropped the flowers, and her heart almost stopped beating as she stared ahead at the birch tree in front of her.

Carved roughly in a child's hand and surrounded by a heart in the bark of the tree were the words:

"Jimmy loves Sue".

Footprints that were not hers made tiny marks on the ground, crushing some of the clover that had grown around the tree.

And Felicity never again returned to the garden.

MY FRIEND

You are my friend.
You are my joy to laugh with;
 my disappointment at times and my
 pride at others.
You are the object of my anger and love;
 a shoulder to cry on.

I would do for you and you would do
 for me.
I'll tolerate you at times, exasperate
 you at others.
You are one to disagree with, and
 one to walk a hundred miles with.

I would die for you my friend, but
 only in the knowledge you would
 smile for me,
Because I don't belong to you and you
 don't belong to me.

You are my friend.

by
Shelagh Hurley

THOUGHTS IN DESPERATION

You really wonder what happened
(When you went out all the mouths
 were smiling)
Now you come back and,
Oh,
 everybody is still smiling
and laughing
and laughing
and laughing till it stabs you where
 it hurts.
Now all you see are the
Backs of so many heads.
Oh, my God,
You really wonder what happened.

Anon



EXCUSES GALORE by the students of grade eight.

Excuses Galore is dedicated to Mrs. Routliffe who has, no doubt, already heard many similar excuses before.

"Um, Mrs. Routliffe?"

"Yes?"

"I couldn't do my homework last night."

"And what is your sad and sorry tale?"

"Well, you see . . ."

These sad and sorry tales are guaranteed to make your hankie soaked with tears so take out your hankie and cry.

. . . Well you see (um) last night after study (in which I did my Geography project, reading of three chapters in History, and my 1000 word English essay,) I went home, changed out of my beautiful, comfortable, wonderful, green Elmwood uniform and cleaned the house. Then we went shopping and I did not have any supper. When we got back I was so tired that I went straight to bed and fell asleep. I could therefore work at school the next day. We then got up at six o'clock the next day to go to the airport. On the way, the tire popped and I had to fix it because my crippled brother was strapped to the seat. When we got home it was almost time for math, and I said to myself, "I cannot miss math, my favorite subject, or the teacher Mrs. Routliffe would be so, so, so sad to miss my happy face that I just have to go to math and tell her my true story." I came to school at the beginning of math class and here I am now.

NETIA BUTLER

. . . Last night I couldn't do my homework because I had to pack to go to Ireland on the 20th of June. When I had packed I realized that I had put some books in, -and my mom had already packed the car-so suddenly I realized it was my MATH BOOK that was one of them. Oh!! I begged and wailed for my mom to open my case but she said it was too late. My math textbook was sent to Ireland. My grandmother phoned at about midnight and then sent it by telegram. That is why I didn't do my homework. But I will do it tonight.

SARAH MURPHY

. . . You won't believe this but my brother came into my room last night and made an airplane out of my homework paper. I chased him around the block and when I finally caught him he had swallowed it saying he was a spy and he must destroy the formula.

SUSAN McCOLM

. . . I had a very important history essay to write so I quickly did my math (all right I might add). Tearing around the house to find a piece of paper to write my history on I spied a lovely blank sheet near my math book. Next day as I handed in my essay I noticed that my math was on the reverse side. Alas the history teacher was going on holiday and took the sheets with her to mark. At least Paris is mathematically inclined.

MARTHA FEARON





Humane Society Winners.

Cruikshank Trophy - Carolyn Warren (trophy and book)
second - Marianne Karsh

Other prizes awarded to:

Kathy Suh	5
Suzannah Warren	5
Jennifer Horwood	6
Hazel Eaglesome	8
Suzanne Pataki	8
Soraya Farha	5

DAISY THE DUCK

Three years ago to this very day I was taken in by the kindest people I know - The Humane Society. They thought poor little old Daisy the duck was being treated very badly, and believe me, I was! My master treated me as though I was a normal duck. I am not! Personally I think I'm just about the greatest there ever lived - I can play the stockmarket! I've got some shares but only temporarily.

My previous master made me a pond. If he thought I was going to put my dainty body into that murky water he was crazy! Pigs yes, me no. He fed me crumbs when I wanted some of the delicious steak his family ate. I was practically emaciated. My silky feathers didn't have the luster they used to.

One day I was feeling particularly down in the dumps because of the scolding I got for falling into the cream of mushroom soup. What a grouch! The old lady of the house slapped me five times with her spoon. Then she kicked me out of the house. I set up the most piteous wailing you have ever heard!

Then a miracle happened. One of those big machines - I think it's called a truck - rumbled by. A man, seeing me in my sorry plight, got out, gently picked me up and put me in the back of his truck. After a long while a pair of soft hands took me out of the cage I had been put in earlier. It was a woman. She bathed the wounds I got from the spoon and talked to me. The people of the Humane Society were so kind, and, of course, they still are. These people go to a lot of trouble to make me happy. But of course I'm worth it!

by
Suzanne Pataki

I was in a bad way, cold, wet, and hungry. It was raining and I was lost. I was a small spaniel called Charles. My sleek black and white coat was covered in mud. I had crawled out of my yard under a hole in the fence. My mast would be worried - it was nearly a day since I had escaped. My right front paw had stepped on a nail and I limped pitifully. I was wearing no collar to be recognized by. I limped up to a door and scratched and yipped politely. A big strong man came to the door and seeing me he frowned and growled, "Get out of here! I don't want no beggin' mutt." I was about to correct his grammar and tell him I was a pure-bred Cocker Spaniel when he slammed the door in my face.

I walked off quite indignantly to the next door. I did the same as I had before but instead, to look good, I picked up the paper in my mouth. A woman came to the door and in a voice screamed, "Tryin' to steal ma paper eh? Git go on! Scram!"

I walked off again and sat down to think. I was extremely wet and muddy, very cold and my paw hurt terribly but, worst of all, I was starving. I decided to try again.

I limped up to an old shabby cottage on the end of a poor street. I yapped very carefully so as not to sound like a beggar. After a minute a little grey old lady opened the door and said, "Why the poor little doggy, come on in."

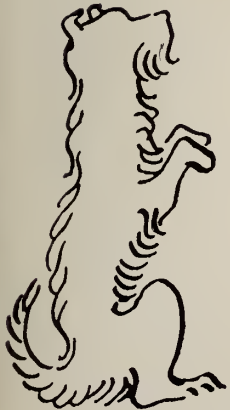
I happily limped in and sat down. I soon fell asleep while she went and phoned someone. After awhile a truck came and I heard a man's voice say,

"We're from the Humane Society. We were told you have a dog."

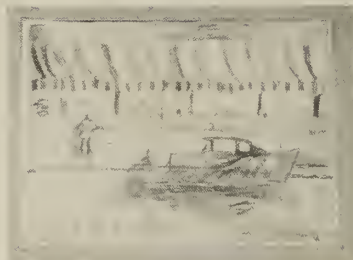
"I do. He's over here, but be careful, he has a sore paw."

I was carried gently to a truck. I yapped "Thank you" to the lady and we drove off.

We arrived at a building and I was taken to a room where I was fed with delicious food. Then they tended to my paw with great care and it didn't hurt. After some time I slept.



Hazel Eaglesome - Grade 8





SPORT CAPTAIN'S LETTER

Dear Girls,

One means of bringing a school closer together, and hopefully of promoting school spirit, is sports. During the past year, I have endeavoured to organize a programme which would be available to all the students at Ilmwood. However, this would not have been possible without support.

I would like to thank the following people for their time and patience: Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and company for their assistance in our attempts to play competitive sports against Ashbury; Mrs. Whitwill, for permitting our activities to take place; Gail Sadler, for all the time she devoted to junior school sports; to the Ashbury guys who were so nice to us gentle females; to the staff, for their support especially during spirit week; and to the students who participated in sports this year.

It is my hope that next year, students will think of sports in terms of being fun and fulfilling as well as competitive and that each house will receive more support from its members.

Yours Sports Head,
Monica Stinson



SPORTS CAPTAINS

Monica Stinson, School Sport's Captain; Shelagh Hurley, Fry; Janis Robertson, Nightingale; Jane-Ann McBurney, Keller; Alex Wilson, Fry; Emily Conway, Nightingale; Sandra Zagerman, Keller.

INTERHOUSE BASKETBALL WINNERS — FRY



SENIOR FRY TEAMS, BACK ROW: Sonya Taticek, Heather McIntosh, Elena Vaillancourt, Gail Sadler, Wendy MacPhee, Shelagh Hurley, Alison Schofield, Diana MacDonald, Ranjy Basu, Susan Atack, Ara Nixon. FRONT ROW: Judy Martin, Florentia Conway, Akiko Nishiyama, Elizabeth Sellers, Jennifer Johnston. ABSENT: Debbie Williams.



JUNIOR FRY TEAMS, BACK ROW: Rachael Jackson, Marianne Karsh, Sheena Fraser, Christine Humphreys. FRONT ROW: Martha Fearon, Poppy Don, Kathy Green, Susan McColm. ABSENT: Felicity Smith, Alex Wilson, Vicky Gall.

INTERSCHOOL BADMINTON TEAM



BACK ROW: Diana MacDonald, Ranjana Basu, Kathy Witham. FRONT ROW: Shelagh Hurley, Wendy MacPhee.



Our faithful football coach . . . Mr. Churchill.



Elmwood girls cheerleading? . . . for Ashbury?

ACTIVITIES

A flock of new faces and new spirit tumbled in with the opening of school doors last Sept. 6, 1973. By this coming June 14, these faces will have blended in with the "originals", and with spirits exhausted, all will be prepared for a fun-filled summer. This past year has been a relatively full one - full of work and partially filled with fun.

It all began with the busy month of September. Ara and I were invited to a dinner sponsored by Morrison-Lamonte's for all the head girls and head boys in the Ottawa region (we had no trouble convincing them neither of us was a head boy). The purpose of the dinner was to get the youths of Ottawa involved on the United Way project headed by Bell Canada. So, on Oct. 19, Elmwood had a marathon leaf rake where the 3 houses invaded a section each of Rockcliffe. Five days later, the energetic juniors and some seniors tried to rake the leaves of Elmwood itself. Remember? Believe it or not, we placed second amidst all the high schools in Ottawa with our odd \$150.

The monthly Forum was first introduced on September 27. All the committees were formally presented to the school. The Forum of the time when the students and staff are given a full report of the affairs of the committees (and to return an occasional bloomer to its owner from pound).

The first dance of the year was at Elmwood on Sept. 29. We've had more dances and a coffee house since then - and a formal (seniors) and a combined baseball game - bar BQ-dance (gr. 7 and 8) planned for May.

Last October 6, the Gr. 13's were beaten by the Old Girls in a basketball game (disgraceful). A tasty lunch softened our bruised egos (and stomachs), followed by a fruitful meeting.

Halloween found Elmwood crawling with witches, ballet dancers, angels, and staff dressed in green tunics and the works (they pulled the same trick on Greaser Day and were hauled into Kangaroo Court). Prizes were awarded to various individuals and pairs, and drinks, cookies candy and jelly apples were devoured while the seniors hungrily walked by.

On Saturdays and Sundays during Sept. and Oct., a few dozen seniors could be "heard" trying to catch a football and being knocked down in the process. What was cooking? We were practicing for THE game with Ashbury on Nov. 4. Our fearless coaches led us on to victory (Mr. Churchill, with Mrs. Churchill close by, his cousin Dave and friend Peter), and ALL the players and spectators (from both sides) were fed doughnuts and drinks and sardines at Cathie Ashton's afterwards.

November was a month when parents found themselves frequenting the premises. The parents reception was followed by the Mothers' Bazaar Nov. 23-24. The opening night was packed with people in tuxedos, long gowns, and green tunics. I'm sure those who helped both days found it interesting and busy. Let us thank the mothers for giving their time to raise money for a new gym, and wish them all the luck!

The afternoons of the last week of November were spent bussing some girls to Island Lodge Nursing Home as volunteers on a trial basis. Most gave more of their time in feeding the residents during the second term. I'm grateful to them and sincerely believe all young people should be aware of the sometimes lonely and isolated world of

the senior citizens.

The Fall Term ended on Dec. 19 with the last exam and the annual Xmas lunch. By this time, the smell of pine trees and the brightness of Xmas lights filled Elmwood. Carols were sung and the gym floor took another beating as we sang "The Twelve Days of Xmas". Afterwards, 3 "Mexican" pinatas (made by Alison Schofield, Peggy Bethel and myself) were hung, and at pauses in "Jingle Bell Rock", students and staff had a chance to bat out their frustrations . . . poor pinatas. Soon, candy canes and toffee poured out. The seniors then took their little sisters to get lunch and bade farewell to the staff - until the new year 1974, that is.

January was spent preparing for February. The 2nd of Feb. was a day for skiing at Mont Tremblant with Ashbury. The bus rides are always fun on these trips.

Spirit Week took place from Feb. 12-16. Donna MacPhee won the Snow Queen contest by dazzling everyone with "They Call Me Sexless", and Snow Princess Christine Humphreys charmed all with her rendition of "Food, Beautiful Food". On the other side of the park, Rob Munn ran off with the Snow King title, and several tied for the Snow Prince crown.

On Feb. 12, prefects were sold as slaves (complete with paper chains and dunce caps); the juniors had a tug-of-war in the snow; and our staff opened the volleyball game by playing the three Ashbury staff (who showed up with student recruits). The Elmwood seniors put up a good fight against the Ashburians afterwards. We tried.

Classes ended at 11:00 on Wednesday, when carnival hour started. The 3 houses raced in a desperate effort to eat all the green and yellow jello (?) made by Ara. While the gym was being cleaned, tug-of-war games were being held outside. Nightingale and Keller challenged Fry, and that's when Mrs. Aldous's (actually the navy's) thick, strong rope broke! After a scrumptious hot dog lunch with ice cream Monica led us all and Mrs. Whitwill in a singalong. After a few songs and a half, everyone went tobogganing with Ashbury at Rockcliffe, or tried to look like they were . . .

Greaser Day was on Thursday the 14th, but we were not alone (Ashbury had their Greaser Day then, too). Girls slicked back their hair (in ponytails), and some looked like real sleazers. The soundtrack of "American Graffiti" prompted a few girls to start bopping while they tried to eat lunch with potato mashers, spatulas, and chopsticks (utensil lunch). The combined talent show that Valentine's Day proved to be interesting - Deli belted out a song and received a tremendous ovation, "Prism" made their first appearance; skits were put on; jokes said; even hog calls made the Elmwood stage!! Interesting indeed . . .

Bags of pennies were brought to school on Friday for the sticky tape race, and that afternoon, the juniors had a volleyball game with the Ashbury juniors. We actually won a game!!

It was a very exhausting week, but it was fun. What's more important is that the whole school was having fun and making fun together. That's spirit!

The following week, "The HMS Pinafore" was presented to full houses on three auspicious nights. It was quite a hit, and everyone in the production deserved the applause they received.

This last term promises a lot: the formal, sports day, the junior BQ-dance, and finally, closing - and commencement for the class of '74.

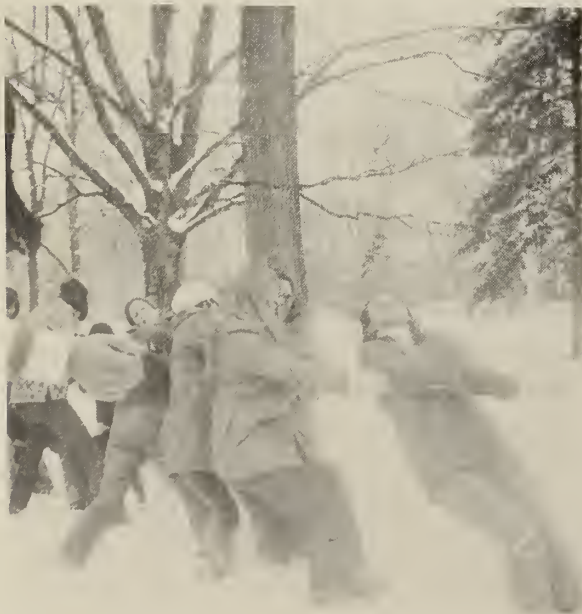
It has been a long year, but not in the least dull. That I owe to you, the students. You've all helped in making this year what it was: what with the flow of Ara's drink machine, the first constitution of the Students' Council, the committees, Monica organizing intramural sports and sports with Ashbury (patience, Monica, patience), the houses, their dress up days and bake-sales; Gr. 11's Soulier Shine-A 5A and their inherited Le Cafe 5A; Elmwood notebooks and pens, etc.

Keep it up. (But we can always use a little more support and a little more spirit!)

Love,
Lourdes



Ara finds time to flash us a brilliant smile.



Keller struggles mightly . . .



But is overpowered by Lourdes.



Fry, the champions of this gentle sport, are seen here in true-to-form action.



Alison turns warily around, then gives us a shy smile.



Here we have Cathy Guthrie and Lesley MacMillan - need we say more?



Alison, no longer camera shy, comes back demanding more.

SONG BY MRS. DAVIS AND MRS. CHURCHILL

(With apologies to "Oliver")

I'd do anything
For you dear anything
For you mean everything to me.
I know that
I'd go anywhere
For your smile anywhere
For your smile everywhere
I'd see.
Would you cross the Park?
Anything.
Stay out after dark?
Anything.
Skip a class or two?
Anything.
Spend a hundred bucks?
What's a hundred bucks
I'd risk everything for one kiss, everything
Yes I'd do anything.
Anything?
Anything, for you.
I'd do anything
For you dear anything
For you mean everything to me.
I know that
I'd go anywhere
For your smile anywhere
For your smile everywhere
I'd see.
Would you lace my shoes?
Anything.
Would you share my booze?



Anything.
Take a pill or two?
Anything.
To the office go?
And back again.
I'd risk everything
For one kiss everything
Yes I'd do anything.
Anything?
Anything for you!
I'd go anywhere
For your smile everywhere
I'd see.
I know that I'd do anything
For you dear anything
For you mean everything to me.
I'd do anything for you dear anything,
Yes I'd do anything.
Anything?
Anything for you!
Would you stay out late?
Anything.
Would you risk your fate?
Anything.
Though you'd be sent home?
Anything.
For a week or so?
Hang everything!
We'd risk everything
To keep us in the swing -
Yes, we'd do anything.
Anything?
Anything we'd do!



"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

"A THOROUGHLY FARCICAL SUBJECT"

Some Englishmen in 1878 found it difficult to smile at Gilbert's scathing attack on British self-conceit; it was hard enough to stomach this Gilbertian burlesque of naval occasions; his ridiculing of naval discipline and his mockery of the British System of appointing non-technical civilians to the head of highly technical Services, but the ultimate affront to British sensitivity came when "Pinafore" actually dared to poke fun at Class Distinction in the Senior Service.

Gilbert satirically informs us that Sir Joseph Porter was completely ignorant about ships and so was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty to rectify this shortcoming, and he subtly makes Ralph Rackstraw, though only a common A. B., speak in such uncommonly high-flown language as has never been heard from another jack-tar on the English stage.

However, the English finally succumbed to the attraction of such lyrics as "It's greatly to his credit, that he is an Englishman!" set to its gloriously pompous tune.

A great success, everyone was equally amused and diverted by this "thoroughly farcical subject treated in a thoroughly serious manner".

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. (First Lord of the Admiralty)
Captain Corcoran
Able Seaman Ralph Rackstraw
Able Seaman Dick Deadeye
Boatswain's Mate Bill Bobstay
Carpenter's Mate Bob Becket
Midshipmite Tom Tucker
Josephine, the Captain's Daughter
Hebe, Sir Joseph's First Cousin
Little Buttercup, A Portsmouth Bumboat Woman

Peter Josselyn
Gordon Howe
Michael O'Brien
John Roy
Claude Pardo
Victor Munteanu
Paul Deepan
Diana Conway
Kathy Zimmerman
Mary Smylie

Sailors

M. Beedell, L. Benfell, R. Brown, N. Brown, E. Cahn, A. Conway, P. Croal, J. Heaton, S. Jay, K. Reeves, F. Stoddard, R. Walker.

First Lord's Sisters, his Cousins and his Aunts

Ranjana Basu, Rosalind Chu, Florentia Conway, Virginia Dunsby, Ann Graham, Olenka Grygier, Shelagh Hurley, Bobbi-Lee Kenny, Wendy MacPhee, Judy Martin, Heather McIntosh, Leandra Ramcharan, Jane Tynon-Byrd, Katherine Whitham, Deborah Williams, Judy Young.

PRODUCTION

Stage Staff

Alison Green, Daphne Snelgrove, Don Symington.

Costumes

Cathy Guthrie and Malabar Ltd.

Scenery constructed and painted by

Mr. C. Inns, D. Symington, C. Byford, P. Copestake, Barbara Coyne, Debbie Williams, Alison Green, Sara Tynan-Byrd.

Make-up

Dawn Harwood-Jones, Lesley MacMillan, Julia Clubb, Leslie Ogilvie, Donna MacPhee.

Musical Director

Fred Graham

Assistant Musical Director

Lorna Harwood-Jones

Stage Director

Peter Josselyn



THE REAL



THING



AN ELMWOOD-ASHBURY EVENING OF DRAMA AND MUSIC

1. Barbara Coyne will play Carbonelli's "Preludium in D Minor" for Piano.

2. "The Ugly Duckling" - by A.A. Milne, produced by Don Symington.

Cast:

The King	Graham Sellers
The Queen	Sarah Tynan-Byrd
The Princess Camilla	Alison Green
The Chancellor	Paul Deepan
Dulcibella	Diana Conway
Prince Simon	Len Benfell
Carlo	George Jeffrey

Costumes: Daphne Snelgrove

Set: Peter Copestake

3. Felicity Smith will play Sonata in C by Mozart.

4. Diana Conway will sing - "Widmung" by Franz and "Canterbury Fair" by Leslie.

5. Lesley Fong will play Brahms' "Intermezzo Op. 118 Nos. 1 and 2".

6. "The Man of Destiny" - by G.B. Shaw, produced by G. Howe.

Cast:

Napoleon	Matthew Rowlinson
Lieutenant	Hugh Christie
Guisepppe	Adrian Conway
Lady	Julia Clubb

Costumes: Courtesy of Ottawa Little Theatre

Set: Peter Copestake





ELMWOOD
PIANO RECITAL
Wednesday, May 22, 1974

Demonstration and Solos

PREPARATORY

Juliana Farha

Patricia Pezoulas
Christine McCartney

Wendy Leth-Steensen

In a Submarine
Little Tune
Reveille
The Old Mill Wheel
Swans on the Lake
Lightly Row
Distant Bells
Starlight Waltz

FIRST AND SECOND YEAR

Nadine Campbell
Soraya Farha
Michael Nesbitt

Jennifer Horwood

David McClenahan

Alex Wilson
Victoria Gall

Songs

Birch Canoe
Swiss Cuckoo
German Dance
Mist
Andante
Song in the Woods
Both Sides Now
Shine Out, Great Sun
Voice of the Heart
Shades of Blue
Romance

THIRD YEAR AND OVER

Robert Shields

Elizabeth Sellers
Jane Burke-Robertson

Sonatina
Aria
Selections from "H.M.S. Pinafore"
Themes from "Swan Lake"

DUETS

Mary Jane Pigott and Teacher
Juliana and Soraya Farha
Carolyn and Susannah Warren

Jennifer Horwood and
Susannah Warren
Sarah Murray and
Alexandra Wilson
Jane Burke-Robertson and
Elizabeth Sellers

London Bridge is Falling Down
Dutch Dance
Waltz
Tambourin
Volga Boat Song

Polka

Zorba's Dance

THE CONSTITUTION OF ELMWOOD SCHOOL

SECTION I

The Students' Council

Article 1: NAME

This organization shall be known as the Students' Council of Elmwood School.

Article 2: PURPOSE

- a) to make recommendations to the staff and administration on matters concerning the individual (or groups of) students;
- b) to help coordinate activities between the two schools, Elmwood and Ashbury;
- c) to promote and sponsor certain social activities for the benefit of the student body.

Article 3: COMPOSITION

The Students' Council shall consist of two permanent members for the year, elected by their respective classes (from grades 7 through 12).

In the case of grade 13, the senior prefect will automatically be a permanent representative, with a second permanent representative elected by grade 13.

The head girl will automatically preside as chairman for the entire school year.

SECTION II

Article 1: COMPOSITION

Officers shall include:

- a) chairman
- b) secretary
- c) treasurer
- d) reporter

Article 2: DUTIES OF OFFICERS

- a) Chairman: i) to present all matters of importance to the administration for confirmation;
ii) to hold order during meetings;
iii) to inform the members of the Council the time and place of each meeting;
iv) to prepare the agenda for Students' Council meetings;
v) has no voting power with the exception of breaking a tie.
- b) Secretary: i) is responsible for keeping a careful record of the minutes at each and every meeting, and retaining a copy of the agenda posted in her records;
ii) is responsible for producing the minutes of the preceding meetings for ratification by the Council at the beginning of each meeting;
iii) is responsible for the carrying on of all necessary correspondence of the Students' Council.
- c) Treasurer: i) to keep a record of financial matters operated by/for the Students' Council (e. g. drink machine);
ii) to report the financial situation at every second meeting or when called for;
- d) Reporter: i) is responsible for keeping the student body informed of the affairs of the Students' Council;
ii) is responsible for an annual report of the activities of the Council in conjunction with the secretary and treasurer.

Article 3: ELECTION OF THE OFFICERS OF THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

- a) Chairman: the head girl automatically
- b) Secretary: all elected by the representatives
- c) Treasurer: within the Students' Council, by secret
- d) Reporter: ballot (as in all other voting).

Article 4: MEETINGS

- a) All Students' Council meetings are closed to both staff and members of the student body unaligned with the Council except by special invitation.
- b) Meetings shall be held at least once a month with full attendance.
- c) All members must give a just cause to the chairman if they cannot attend a meeting.
- d) One general meeting shall be held for all members of the school, preferably in February.

Article 5: RULES OF ORDER

- a) The agenda and incumbent business must be covered before any new business is presented.
- b) Any matter for discussion must be directed to the chairman.
- c) The chairman has the right to veto any unruly discussion or disturbance from the floor.

SECTION III

Guardian of the Constitution

The Headmistress of Elmwood School shall bear the title of "Guardian of the Constitution". It is the belief of the Students' Council that it is her duty to support the ideals, principles and motives invested in this document. Her responsibility (or that of the Vice-Headmistress in her absence) is to investigate all bills, legislations, petitions and other matters, and to veto or amend previously ratified legislation.

SECTION IV

Amendments to the Constitution

Article 1: An amendment to the Constitution may be introduced by any member of the Students' Council, two days before the actual voting is to take place (the same time requirement for the posting of the agenda for that meeting). This notice shall be presented to the chairman.

Article 2: Two-thirds of the Students' Council body must be present in order for a vote to be taken.

SECTION V

By-Laws

Article 1: The agenda for a meeting of the Students' Council, whether it be a full meeting of the Council or a committee thereof, shall be posted at least two days previous to the meeting. The secretary is responsible for removing this copy from the stone corridor and bringing it to the meeting, and keeping it with all other records. The last item on the agenda shall always be a statement insuring an open discussion on topics not necessarily pertaining to those on the prepared agenda.

Article 2: Staff members, as do all students, may bring matters concerning the Students' Council to the attention of their respective class representatives, or to the chairman. It is therefore the duty of the representatives and the chairman to present these matters during the next meeting.

Article 3: The Students' Council shall be free to ask for assistance from other committees and bodies (houses and forms). All organization must be planned by the officers and members of the council involved. This shall include the master plan for the programming of activities of the annual spirit week.

Article 4: The Students' Council will be responsible for the profits made by the drink machine, for any paper work or problems concerning the drink machine, although it is not necessarily responsible for its maintenance (i.e. loading, etc.)

Article 5: If financially possible, the Constitution should appear in the annual yearbook SAMARA. For the year 1974, the Constitution should appear in the Samara, as it is new to the school. However, in years to come, it will only be necessary to print the amendments to this same constitution. The headmistress, the senior and junior libraries shall all possess a covered copy of the Constitution for staff and student reference.

SECTION VI

Amendments to the By-Laws

All amendments to the By-Laws shall follow the same procedure as that of the Amendments to the Constitution (Section IV).

SECTION VII

The Constitution

As soon as ratified, this document shall become: The Constitution of the Students' Council of Elmwood School.

o-----o

Lourdes Y. Jimenez
Chairman

Monique Perron
Treasurer (Gr. 12 Rep.)

Ara Nixon
Reporter (Gr. 13 Rep.)

Susan Sourial
Gr. 9 Representative

Mrs. Joan M. Whitwill
Headmistress

Final Drafting: 22 March 1974

STUDENT'S COUNCIL



Left to Right: Monique Perron, Treasurer; Susan Atack, Secretary; Lourdes Jimenez, Chairman; Ara Nixon, Reporter.

REACH FOR THE TOP



Left to Right: Cathy Guthrie, Monica Stinson, Jennifer Miles, Debbie Williams.

SPORTS



DAY

Sports Day this year proved once again to be a very enjoyable day. Everyone was involved. Teachers, amidst all the greenery of Elmwood, provided colourful officials busily in charge of events. The girls could be seen all over the fields or partaking in some kind of activity from the gruelling around-the-block-race to the hilarious sack races. At 12:00 there was a break in the action. Parents began to arrive to audience a display of folk and modern dances taught patiently to each class by Mrs. Churchill. After a lunch of hot dogs and ice cream, the sports events began, once more, continuing throughout the afternoon.

As girls hopped from event, colourful ribbons, attached to their gym uniforms, would momentarily catch the curious eye. These ribbons, the rewards of placing first, second, or third in any event, originated from a large table where sat Mrs. Churchill and Monica Stinson. Monica busily but efficiently handed out ribbons to the girls with a smile and "congratulations" for everyone, while Mrs. Churchill tallied up points for each house. However, this was not the sole duty of Mrs. Churchill as she could be seen wandering through the fields helping in officiating events.

During the afternoon events the Sui Sang Committee appealed to the stomachs of the girls, teachers, and remaining parents by putting on a large bake-sale. Their tables were well hidden by the mass of bodies that continuously swarmed around them.

All in all, this Sports Day was filled with fun. With everyone having part of the action, smiling faces dominated the scenes and good sportsmanship was ever evident. Delicious food appeased our ravenous appetites and, to top everything off, the sun was actually out!! What more could we ask for?

We would like to extend our thanks to Mrs. Churchill without whom this wonderful day would never have happened.



Mrs. Davis seriously contemplates this crucial 100 yds. (actually 70 yds. a la Elmwood) dash.



Would you believe . . . My sack is killing me?
. . . Oh, SICK.



Our champion sac racer displays her finesse . . . with a little help.



Mrs. Sabourin gives these intent girls a few hot tips
. . . on sports of course.



GRADUATION

MAY 11,



EAT,



DRINK,



DANCE,



&
BE
MERRY



DANCE

1974

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GRADE 13 . . . memories . . .

It all started with:

. . . "you will all sit in alphabetical awrder fawr a fawrtnite" . . . on to better things . . . painting the common room . . . and Heather . . . which of you will wear the tux? . . . Titty-Byrd . . . I'd do anything for you, dear, anything for . . . Mrs. Aldous, my girdle is killing me . . . trick or treating through Rockcliffe Park . . . Pag's lags . . . Mrs. Aldous, Alison just killed my girdle . . . honk . . . "I see it, I see it!" . . . CRASH!! . . . the "classical three" . . . Daphne in physics? . . . the green VW strikes again . . . fong legapay . . . corruption . . . ltd. . . snoopies and ooglies . . . what a drag . . . detours along Ashbury way . . . Violet's love for song "sung" blues . . . Lesley's liberated love . . . Mrs. Davies, an extension please? . . . ding . . . ladies . . . disintegrated calculus . . . what's happening? . . . Eco 5A for future reference . . . bird calls . . . cuties on greaser day . . . Ara in a pony-tail . . . pinata making . . . how many candy canes can you buy with 653 pennies . . . ick . . . loading the prefect's trolley . . . learning to grow plants . . . this is my rat Della . . . university blues . . . wallow, wallow . . . Titleless . . . that there is my beau . . . prayers, please . . . Linda in chemistry? . . . backseats of anything . . . goose, goose . . . duck, duck . . . open the windows, please . . . hey, miss . . . okay, okay? . . . I almost passed George's class . . . lazy girls go with lazy boys . . . could I please borrow your gray pants and No. 1 dress for tomorrow? . . . springtime, singtime . . . exams . . . reverse . . . jello and popping corn . . . Mother's Bazaar night . . . an orange face in green tunic and white blazer . . . it was Luther who said . . . Parkway . . . the year of "legality", . . . Mr. Bellamy prefers playing ball . . . Diana will not, repeat not get drunk . . . do not call me anything but Jane at the formal . . . honk . . . Wakefield . . . remember Ta? . . . look Ma, no break . . . sniff . . . O.T.C. (our thumbing corp) . . . excitements in algebra . . . and physics, . . . "you got your hair cut! and you, and you, and" . . . the time the dining room was too small . . . 6U, where are you? . . . reverse . . . R.I.P. . . . Roberta's fond farewell to Mrs. H-J. . . . I don't want to be remembered by a rubber . . . tree . . . nature walks with Mr. Whitwill . . . "we can go down the front stairs!" . . . yay . . . who's got tam? . . . Mrs. H. Richards . . . 5A lay away plan . . . 16 girls unaccounted fawr . . . Daniela, we your spaghetti . . . Lourdee . . . Luscious . . . Babs . . . April Gail . . . Alison and her ouzo . . . S.S. Uganda . . . galvanometer . . . all Greek men have V.D. . . . right? . . . who passed grade II mathematics? . . . grade 12? . . . Jill in the front hall? . . . hee-hee . . . Bird of Paradise . . . Robin Hood and his gay marauders . . . snow fights in theatre arts . . . Cathie's hat . . . Tawny and Lorne . . . Lucy's shirt tails . . . continuous gossip sessions . . . have you D-Q'ued lately? . . . Effie, pull yourself together . . . Debbie, Leah, and Animal . . . Gr. 9 lightbulb . . . screaming contests . . . limpid pools of murmuring blue waters, Heather . . . bush babies . . . hot lips . . . water fights . . . hick hick hooray!; . . . Heather's pizza lover . . . blackballs . . . tuck trucking . . . contact lenses . . . loon . . . Alison G's mermaid . . . the Pearl . . . operettas and after parties and parties and . . . drivers ed. . . is she here yet? . . . (puff, puff) . . . yes m'am! . . . us? prefects? . . . us? . . . you? . . . me? . . . where are we going? . . . where are we going for our class trip? . . . and now, for the classics award . . . I like your white dress . . . literally kids . . .
. . . ***** . . .



Peace . . .



Oh, heck-a-doodle!



Hee, hee! They'll never find me in here!



. . . In Elmwood?



. . . Peek-a-boo . . .



The Terrible Trio!



Whatsa matta?



CLOSING - 1974



SUMMA SUMMARUM:

Awarded to the senior girl who has tried most faithfully to live up to the ideals and best traditions of the school and who possesses the qualities of integrity, trustworthiness, the spirit of comradeship and the capacity to achieve.

Awarded to:

Lourdes Jimenez



PHILPOTT TOKEN:

Awarded to the girl who best maintains the spirit and ideals which, as well as a high standard of scholarship, achievement in games and charm of manner, may set her mark upon the school in the spirit of service, freedom and fair play.

Awarded to:

Arabella Nixon

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Whitwill, honoured guests, staff and fellow students:

Today is both a happy and a sad occasion for us all, especially for the grade 13 class. We have waited a long time for this auspicious day, and suddenly, it's here. Some of us are rather stunned that today arrived so quickly, some are thankful and relieved we passed, and all are a bit frightened now that the future, our future, faces us. With the experiences we have gained this past year, we are all eager to go out and use what we have learned.

For myself, I have learned quite a bit, especially about people, and owe a lot to Mrs. Whitwill, who demonstrated her patience, understanding and fairness not only to myself, but to the rest of the prefect body and school. The loyalty of the prefects for Mrs. Whitwill was embedded even deeper when these qualities outshone everything in one incident last term.

I would also like to take the time to mention seven who have helped me survive this year: Ara, who has done a considerable amount herself for the school over the past years; Alison, Barb, Cathie, Bail, Heather, and Talitha. They were just beautiful, worked well together, and I think they should receive the recognition they deserve. I'd also like to express my gratitude to the rest of my class. They've all done their share in helping me these past months.

And for the Elmwood staff and students, to whom I stress my speech, those months have come to an end today - but don't worry, there's another school year to come! While we, the graduating class of 1974, are out starting new lives elsewhere, you will also be starting a new year - new subjects to take, new classes to teach, and new faces to initiate into the Elmwood way of life. The important thing is that every September, you are offered another chance to better everything, and it's up to you to decide whether to accept that challenge or not. It's not for anyone else other than yourself, and what better time than this coming September?

A school like Elmwood is a very complex model, no matter how small it is. Each unit must function properly, but the secret is that all the units must function together. By talking about models and functioning units, everything must sound like a by-product of the modern age - an impersonal work of machinery. A school by itself is really just a building.

It takes both the students and staff to make up a school, and it is up to them to mold it into a more personal experience. It is up to both these two units to establish a real and sincere rapport, not pretentious relationships, among themselves as well as with each other. There is no room for apathy, indifference, and negative attitudes towards everything. There is no time to waste by complaining because each second is so precious. However, I believe that there is time to listen to constructive criticisms, time to put forth constructive ideas, and time to actually make those ideas work. Why not make the best of a situation instead of tearing everything down and being left with nothing?

Take for an example the construction of a building. It takes hundreds of men to dig and blast their way through before they can actually begin to build. We Elmwood girls may be of the opposite sex, in fact I'm sure that we are. But it does not mean we cannot also be progressive in our thoughts and actions, although we can go about it in a more subtle, ladylike manner, with less noise, and still lay a good solid foundation for progress to continue. There is room for progress in Elmwood. It promises a lot for the future. All that is needed is initiative, patience, time and support from everyone.

On looking back over the past years, one often wonders if more could have been done than what has actually been done. But one haunting question always comes up: HOW? I've discovered that only a certain amount can be achieved at one time. When I've taken the time to sit back and think of all that's left to be done, that which has actually been accomplished seems so minute and trivial. But it does not mean you have to give up. There is always a compulsion and need to be able to do more in a place where a lot more can be done. Unfortunately, it takes more than a group of prefects, more than the members of your Students' Council, and more than the members of a committee to accomplish something. The bulk of the student body is needed. What good are leaders when there is no one to lead?

This year is behind us now, and there is time before the start of a new year to sort out your experiences, to spot areas where you could have done more, and if you feel that you have done all that you could have done, then you have rewarded yourself with a feeling of fulfillment. But if we are to be truthful to ourselves, have we in fact, done everything possible to make Elmwood a better school? That question can be answered only by yourselves. And remember, there is a next year to accomplish more, and to encourage others to do the same.

It must sound like this past year has been atrocious. Not in the least, give or take a few days. The times everyone did get together, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. Do you remember the leaf raking episode when everyone charged through Rockcliffe carrying rakes and white bags? I'm sure the residents who are here now will never forget that sight. Do you also remember Xmas time, and the strength with which both staff and students clobbered the poor pinatas? And what about the four days of chaos during Spirit Week - including tug-of-war and jello eating contests, singalongs, and the tolerance shown by the staff during that week? Those events took a lot of positive thinking, hard work and effort on everyone's part. It's a shame there couldn't have been a continuous flow of zealotry throughout the year, but I am thankful for the mad spurts of enthusiasm and time everyone did give.

I'd like to share something which I hope will help each one of you in the same way it has helped me.

quote . . . Live each day to the fullest. Get the most from each hour, each day, each age of your life. Then you can look forward with confidence and back without regrets. Be yourself, but be your best self. Dare to be different and to follow your own star. And don't be afraid to be happy, enjoy what is beautiful. Listen to those whom the world consider uninteresting. Let each person has in himself something of worth. Disregard what the world owes you, and concentrate on what you owe to the world. Forget what you have done for your friends, and remember what they have done for you when you are faced with indecision, make that decision as wisely as possible. Above all, act as if everything depended on you and pray as if everything depended on God. unquote . . .

In closing, I wish the grade 13 class, Barb and her prefects, and everyone here the best of luck in the future.
Thank you.

PRIZES

FORM PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE HIGHEST AVERAGE OF THE YEAR:

Grade 3: Juliana Farha
Grade 4: Darya Farha
Grade 5: Suzanna Warren
Grade 6: Jennifer Horwood
Grade 7: Carolyn Warren
Grade 8: Felicity Smith

Donna MacPhee
Jennifer Miles
Monique Perron
Monica Stinson
Deborah Williams
Grade 13: Catherine Ashton
Talitha Fabricius
Arabella Nixon
Alison Schofield
Daphne Snelgrove

PROFICIENCY STANDING: 80% and over, up to and including Grade 10 75% and over in Grades 11, 12 and 13

Grade 3: Christine McCartney
Grade 4: Elizabeth Gatti
Wendy Leth-Steensen
Karin Lesnik-Oberstein
Anne Tessier
Grade 5: Soraya Farha
Allison Provencal
Grade 6: Andrea Korda
Grade 7: Victoria Gall
Christine Humphreys
Marianne Karsh
Grade 8: Poppy Don
Martha Fearon
Lynne Houwing
Sian Warwick
Alexandra Wilson
Grade 9: Jennifer Johnston
Karen Molson
Akiko Nishiyama
Carla Pepler
Grade 10: Angela Cvetanovic
Sonya Taticek
Grade 11: Ranjana Basu
Heather McIntosh
Katherine Whitham
Virginia Dunsby
Janet Holmes
Shelagh Hurley
Grade 12: Ana Antunes
Barbara Coyne
Sandra Kovachic

GRADE 8 ENGLISH PRIZE: GRADE 8 HISTORY PRIZE: JUNIOR PRIZES FOR PROGRESS

Preparatory:

Grade 6:

JUNIOR PRIZES FOR EFFORT:

Preparatory:

Grade 5:

Grade 6:

Grade 8:

JUNIOR ART:

INTERMEDIATE ART:

SENIOR ART:

JUNIOR CHOIR:

SENIOR CHOIR:

JUNIOR MUSIC:

THE ELIZABETH TANCZYK SCIENCE

PRIZE (FOR INTEREST):

INTERMEDIATE ENGLISH:

INTERMEDIATE MATHEMATICS AND

SCIENCE:

INTERMEDIATE HISTORY (EFFORT

AND INTEREST):

INTERMEDIATE GEOGRAPHY:

INTERMEDIATE GERMAN:

AWARD OF EXCELLENCE IN

MATHEMATICS:

JUNIOR FRENCH PRIZE:

ROTHWELL GRADE 9 ENGLISH

PRIZE:

BELL RINGER'S PRIZE:

LIBRARY MONITOR:

CHAPEL MONITOR:

Sian Warwick
Felicity Smith

Maureen Assaly
Lisa Weinberger

Anne Tessier
Christianne Wurtele
Robyn Stoner
Susan Anderson
Jane Freisen
Angela Cvetanovic
Deborah Williams
Poppy Don
Diana Conway
Carolyn Warren

Akiko Nishiyama
Katherine Zimmerman
Katherine Whitham

Nancy Yeung
Heather McIntosh
Akiko Nishiyama

Akiko Nishiyama
Lynne Houwing

Karen Molson
Jennifer Johnston
Jennifer Miles
Ann Graham

LADLER CUP:

Awarded to the girl who, not necessarily the highest in the form in studies or sports, has made her mark on the Junior School by her good character and dependability. It is given to a girl who can be relied upon at any time, and is always helpful and thoughtful of others.

Awarded to:

Lynne Houwing

SOUTHAM CUP FOR JUNIOR ENDEAVOUR:

Awarded for the highest endeavour in all phases of school life in the Junior School. It is the equivalent of the Summa Summarum in the Senior School. It is given to the girl who best lives up to the ideals of Elmwood, who shows leadership, good standing in her class, keenness in sports, and friendliness and helpfulness to others in the school.



Awarded to:

Martha Fearon

SPORTS AWARDS

GREEN FORM DRILL CUP

Grade 11: Form Capt. - Janet Holmes

SYMMINGTON INTER-HOUSE BASKETBALL SENIOR

Fry: Shelagh Hurley

JUNIOR SCHOOL INTER-HOUSE BASKETBALL

Fry: Jr. Sports Capt. - Alex Wilson

JUNIOR INTER-HOUSE VOLLEYBALL

Keller: Jr. Sports Capt. - Sandy Zagerman

INTER-HOUSE SPORTS CUP

Fry House: Junior Sports Captain - Alexandra Wil

WILSON SENIOR SPORTS CUP

Katherine Whitham

DUNLOP INTERMEDIATE SPORTS CUP

Judy Young

FAUQUIER JUNIOR SPORTS CUP

Margot Bethune

CROWDY-WEIR BANTAM SPORTS CUP

Deborah Hillary

MAYNARD SPORTSMANSHIP CUP

Rosemary Nesbitt

PHYSICAL EDUCATION GOLD MEDAL

Shelagh Hurley



training of a track star

HOUSE HEAD AWARDS:

Fry
Keller
Nightingale

THEATRE ARTS PRIZE:

WORLD RELIGIONS PRIZE:

SENIOR MATRICULATION GEOGRAPHY PRIZE:

SENIOR MATRICULATION MATHEMATICS PRIZE:

JUNIOR MATRICULATION MATHEMATICS

PRIZE (FOR OUTSTANDING EFFORT):

SENIOR MATRICULATION LATIN PRIZE:

SENIOR MATRICULATION SPANISH PRIZE:

SENIOR MATRICULATION BIOLOGY PRIZE:

SENIOR MATRICULATION HISTORY PRIZE:

SENIOR MATRICULATION ENGLISH PRIZE:

SENIOR MATRICULATION FRENCH PRIZE:

GREENBLATT GRADE 12 ENGLISH PRIZE:

FIRESTONE JUNIOR MATRICULATION LATIN
PRIZE:

FORM MISTRESS' PRIZE, GRADE 13:

OLD GIRLS' HOUSE MOTTO PRIZE

Three Girls Eligible

Fry: "Friendship to All": Ranjana Basu

Keller: "Fair Play": Katherine Whitham

Nightingale: "Not For Ourselves Alone": Monica Stinson

Winner: Monica Stinson

GRAHAM FORM TROPHY:

HOUSE TROPHY:

EDWARD'S PRIZE FOR GOOD GENERAL
IMPROVEMENT

ALL-ROUND CONTRIBUTION TO SCHOOL LIFE:

BEST OFFICER'S CUP:

EWING CUP FOR CHARACTER:

HEADMISTRESS' PRIZE:

HIGHEST PROFICIENCY IN GRADE 13:

Alison Schofield
Heather Nesbitt
Barbara Howden
Ana Antunes
Shelagh Hurley
Diana Chan
Daphne Snelgrove

Janet Holmes
Deborah Williams
Barbara Coyne
Talitha Fabricius
Alison Schofield
Arabella Nixon
Talitha Fabricius
Jennifer Miles

Sonya Taticek
Jane Tynan-Byrd

Preparatory
Form Captain: Darya Farha
Fry
Alison Schofield

Julia Sumner
Arabella Nixon
Arabella Nixon
Alison Schofield
Catherine Ashton
Daphne Snelgrove



“YESTERDAYS . . .”

A Hundred of them

filled with joy and

wonder that a

thousand tomorrows

may never bring . . .

SOFT MURMURS, WARM FACES. GENTLE, HAPPY SMILES . . .”

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JO PROVENCAL

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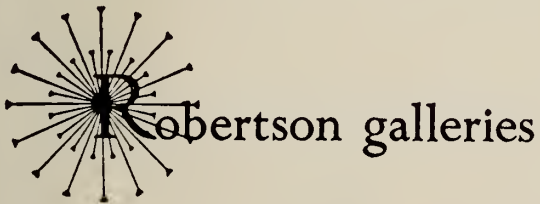
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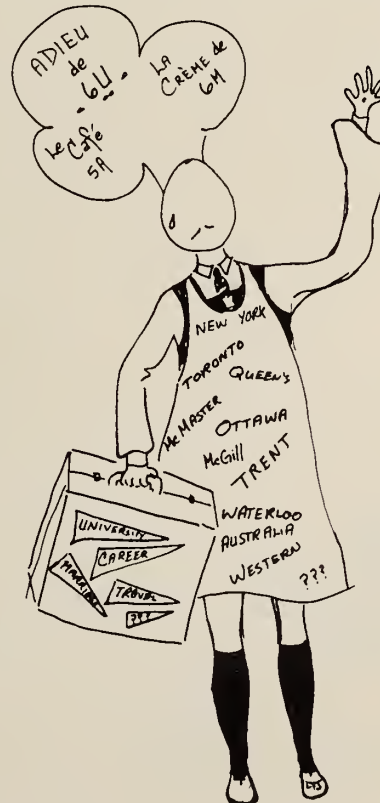
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